

The Daily Mirror

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1914

One Halfpenny.

WALL COLLAPSE AT SHEFFIELD FOOTBALL MATCH: MANY SPECTATORS INJURED.



Rescue work after the accident, showing the spectators struggling in a heap. The game had to be suspended.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)



Carrying an injured man to the pavilion.



A player assists in the rescue work.

Seventy spectators were injured in an accident which occurred at Hillsborough yesterday during the replayed Cup-tie between Sheffield Wednesday and Wolverhampton Wanderers. As the game was nearing the end a new wall, which had afforded a fine point of

vantage for a large number of spectators, suddenly collapsed, precipitating a hundred people a distance of 40ft. to the ground. The wall cracked in the middle and fell in ruins, and the people below had no time to escape.

EASY TERMS,

S.
A
WEEK,
POST FREE.

**ENORMOUS
SUCCESS**

A LARGER
CLOCK AT
A SMALLER
PRICE.



**PAIN BROS.
BIG OFFER**

EXTRA HORSE
AND RIDER TOP
ORNAMENT
FREE.

CASH PRICE,

8/11

POST FREE.

The **"BRITISH
LION"**

**STRIKING
CLOCK**

**WORTH
17/6**

**WHAT IS BEING
SAID ABOUT IT.**

Thousands of similar Testimonials have reached us.

"WELL FINISHED."

Mr. J. J. Fox, of 35, Cumberland Road, Demingston, Glasgow, Scotland, writes:—"I am highly satisfied with 'British Lion' Clock. It is a splendid timekeeper, and is well finished. I wonder how you can sell them at the price."

"ASTOUNDING BARGAIN."

Mr. H. G. Clark, of the Prison staff, 135, Quakers, Princetown, Devonshire, writes:—"I am greatly delighted with the 'British Lion' Clock which I received safely, and consider it an astounding bargain and a perfect timekeeper."

"A MARVEL OF CHEAPNESS."

Mr. W. B. Allington, of 50, Lorraine Avenue, Stoke, Devonport, Devonshire, writes:—"Received Clock ('British Lion') safely. I am indeed pleased with it and think it a marvel of cheapness. It is keeping correct time and is highly satisfactory in every way."

"WE'LL WORTH A SOVEREIGN."

Mrs. C. H. Toome, of Higher Westford, Wellingborough, writes:—"Received Clock ('British Lion') safe and sound. We are very well pleased with it, and it is well worth a sovereign. About two years ago I purchased one of your gentlemen's 'Always-Right' Watches (3/9), and I may say a better timekeeper could not be found, even if you paid £20 for it."

"SATISFIED IN EVERY WAY."

Mr. G. Sears, of 55, Crooks Road, Deptford Park, Deptford, London, S.E., writes:—"I am very pleased indeed with clock ('British Lion'). It keeps splendid time. I am quite satisfied in every way."

"GIVING EVERY SATISFACTION."

Mr. H. Daxley, of 2, Highfield Cottages, Westwell, Corsham, Wiltshire, writes:—"The 'British Lion' clock is splendid. It goes well, keeps good time, and is giving every satisfaction."

"PLEASE SEND ANOTHER."

Mrs. T. Watson, of 50, Dale Street, New Marske, Mabley-by-the-Sea, Yorkshire, writes:—"Received Clock ('British Lion') and we are very much pleased with it. Please send another."

"GREATLY EXCEEDED EXPECTATIONS."

Mr. A. W. Watson, of 27, Finsbury Road, Boundary Road, Ramsgate, Kent, writes:—"Received 'British Lion' Clock quite safely. It greatly exceeded my expectations."

"KEEPS SPLNDID TIME."

Mrs. A. J. Lilley, of 7, Park Crescent, Croyborough, Surrey, writes:—"Received 'British Lion' Clock in perfect condition, and am most pleased with it. It keeps splendid time."

"EXCELLENT TIMEKEEPER."

Mr. H. Bowden, of Navigation House, Buryworth, near Stockport, Cheshire, writes:—"I am highly pleased with 'British Lion' Clock. It is an excellent timekeeper."

"THOROUGHLY SATISFIED."

Mr. James Asher, of High Street, Botsford, Nottingham, writes:—"Received the handsome 'British Lion' Clock in perfect order. It keeps time beautifully, and I am thoroughly satisfied."

OUR ADDRESS:

PAIN BROS.,

DEPT. A19,

THE

'PRESENTS HOUSE'

HASTINGS,

ENG.

(ESTABLISHED 25 YEARS.)

**4,000
MORE
OFFERED.**

Owing to the
Enormous Success

of our offer in "The Daily Mirror" of
January 12th, 1914, of 3,000 of the

**NOTED 'BRITISH LION'
STRIKING CLOCKS**

(as illustrated),

we now offer a Manufacturer's
Large Stock of 4,000 more, which
we have secured at an excep-
tionally low price. We offer them
on the same advantageous terms
and at the same reduced price as
before, and as follows:-

EASY TERMS:

Send 1/6 with order and promise to send 1/- weekly for the
next nine weeks after you have received clock safely, making
only 10/6 in all to pay although worth 17/6.

THE CLOCK WILL BE SENT POST FREE
BY RETURN, IMMEDIATELY WE RECEIVE
THE FIRST PAYMENT OF 1/6.

CASH PRICE:

8/11 ONLY, POST FREE. WORTH 17/6

DESCRIPTION. This Beautiful New
"British Lion" Striking Clock is of a Large Size—
19 1/2 inches high and 10 1/2 inches wide—and has Dark Walnut-
polished Wood Case with Gilt and Ivy Leaf Pattern Orna-
mentations. Large and Attractive Gift Pendulum, Gilt and
Porcelain Dial, Fine 26-hour Works, and it strikes the
Hour and Half-Hour on a Cathedral-Tonal Gong. Besides the
the "NOBLE LION" Ornament, an extra "HORSE
& RIDER" Top Ornament (as shown above Clock) will
be sent FREE, so that you can use either.

**WARRANTED A PERFECT
TIMEKEEPER.**

SAFE DELIVERY GUARANTEED

FREE OUR GRAND NEW
ILLUSTRATED
CATALOGUE

(Sent Post Free) of Thousands of other Big Bargains—The
Gent's and Boy's "Right-Time" Nickel Silver Watch with
Free Gift Chain, 2/6 Cash, Post Free; The Lady's and Girl's
"Right-Time" Nickel Silver Watch with Free Gift Leather
Wristlet, 3/3 Cash, Post Free; Food Mincey, 1/10, Post
Free; "Family" Scales, 2/11, Post Free; Clocks from 1/11,
Post Free; Half-Price Gramophones from 2/11, with 12 Free
Selections, Plates, Cutlery, Novelties, Toys, Postcards, &c.
&c. Bargains to suit everybody, from 6d. to £25 each. Send
a postcard or letter to-day for this Illustrated "Bargains by
Post" Book.

OUR MOTTO:
"FULL
SATISFACTION
OR FULL
MONEY
BACK."

HEIGHT 19 1/2 INS.

WIDTH 10 3/4 INS.

DRAMATIC CROSS-EXAMINATION OF "SUMNER" LASTS OVER TWO HOURS.

Story of Disguise in Order
"to Save Elftoft."

FOURTH MAN THEORY

Reasons for Not Pursuing Mysterious Armed Assailant.

TALL, DARK STRANGER.

Cool, keen and alert the whole time— anxious to explain points and supplement details—George Ball, better known as Sumner, stood for over two hours in the witness-box at Liverpool Assizes yesterday while he underwent the ordeal of cross-examination regarding his remarkable story of the sack crime.

Accused with the youth named George Elftoft of the murder of Miss Bradfield, whose body was found in a canal tied up in a sack, Ball, in his evidence in chief, had described how an unknown man had attacked and killed Miss Bradfield and then escaped.

Under a fire of questions yesterday—on the answer to any one of which his life might hang—the accused man never hesitated. His replies came readily, and he firmly maintained his innocence. To the hushed, crowded Court this spectacle of a man, fighting for his life, but always cool and collected, was strangely thrilling and almost unnamable.

And his fellow-prisoner, Elftoft, was equally calm and unagitated when, later, he also took his place in the witness-box. He denied that he ever saw Miss Bradfield's body—he waited for Ball outside the shop—and asserted that he believed the sack, which was placed on a handcart and wheeled to the canal, to contain only rubbish.

The trial was adjourned till to-day.

SUMNER EXPLAINS HIS DISGUISE.

Before the cross-examination began Ball was asked two questions by Mr. Tobin, K.C., his counsel, as to the trunk bought on his behalf by his landlady, and this concluded the evidence-in-chief.

Then Mr. Riley, who defends Elftoft, rose to question him. Counsel pressed him as to why he sent Elftoft for the handcart to Guinness's.

"It was the usual thing to do," said Ball. "I was busy, and he was doing nothing."

Firmly, coolly, without hesitation, Ball met counsel's questions. He insisted that the handcart was in its usual place in the vestibule that night at the customary time.

"Are you sure," asked counsel, after other questions, "that the tall, dark man did not do his deadly work in the office?"

WHY NO ALARM WAS RAISED.

"I am certain he did it in the office," replied the witness, leaning eagerly towards counsel.

Counsel: Do you say that the man had been in hiding when Elftoft went on this errand to Guinness's?—Oh! I am not suggesting anything. He may have come in when Elftoft went out, or later.

Describing his own agitated state of mind when left alone with the body, he said, "My first thought was: Was the body dead or alive? I did not wonder how soon Elftoft would return or think of calling out for assistance."

"What were you thinking of?" asked counsel. "Of Miss Bradfield lying there on the floor dead," replied Ball.

"Murdered," said Mr. Riley.

"Murdered," repeated Ball, this time with a rather higher note in his voice.

He added that he did not call out for the police because he was nearly "half dead" himself. Again and again Mr. Riley questioned and pressed Ball.

Why did he not raise a hue and cry when the man left? asked Mr. Riley, after remarking that he would not discuss the ethics of Ball having, as he said, saved his life at the sacrifice of Miss Bradfield's.

"Because, if anyone had seen me they would have thought I had done it, because there was blood on my trousers," answered Ball.

"TO SAVE ELFTOFT."

Ball was questioned as to what happened at a certain point of the lock fields.

"Did not Elftoft, tired out with his burden in the handcart, say, 'Let us put it here?'"

On this point counsel pressed Ball very keenly, but the man held to his story that it was he, not Elftoft, who said it.

"You had the strength of a terror-stricken man that night?" said counsel.

"I was a frightened man," said Ball.

Mr. Riley shrugged his shoulders when Ball said that he disguised himself in order to save Elftoft.

Asked what he meant by saying in a previous statement that the man who murdered Miss Bradfield left him "in the dark," he said he meant that he was left in the dark as to what to do.

Ball explained that he did not raise the alarm because there were bloodstains on his trousers.

Mr. Riley: Why were you to be condemned because there was blood on your clothes in these circumstances? Ball: I did not want to be brought into it. The same thing has happened to me before, and it has been entirely proved that I was innocent.

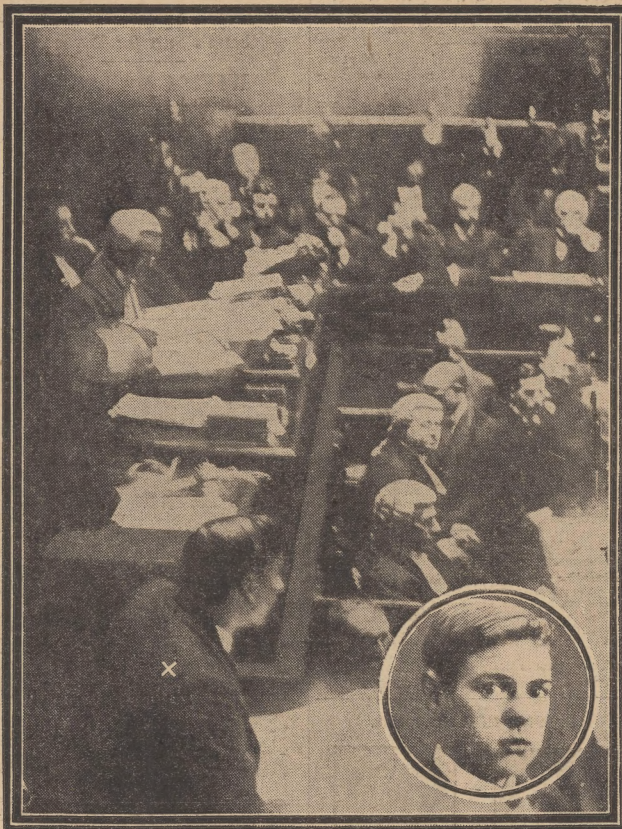
The Judge: You had better not exploit that, Mr. Riley.

Mr. Riley's cross-examination lasted rather over half an hour.

Then Mr. Gordon Hewart opened the cross-examination for the Crown. Unemotional and unhurried, he put his questions, and Ball's voice was quieter than when he replied to Mr. Riley.

Mr. Hewart at once asked for a description of the man who did the deed, and Ball replied, "He

(Continued on column 4.)



The scene in the court at St. George's Hall, Liverpool, while "Sumner," who is marked with a cross, was in the witness-box. Mr. Justice Atkin, who is trying the case, is seen on the bench, while the jury are facing the camera. In the circle is Elftoft, who also went into the witness-box.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

MR. J. B. JOEL WINS RACEHORSE ACTION.



Mr. and Mrs. Joel.



Captain Purefoy.



Lord St. Davids.

Mr. J. B. Joel won the action brought against him by Captain T. H. Browne, a retired Army officer, who claimed £2,000 commission in connection with the purchase by defendant for £40,000 of Prince Palatine. Lord St. Davids gave evidence. Captain Purefoy is manager for Mr. Thomas Pilkington, who sold the famous racehorse to Mr. Joel.

Elftoft's Story of a 'Sack of Rubbish' on Handcart.

JOURNEY TO CANAL.

Accused Youth Says He Never Saw Miss Bradfield's Body.

(Continued from column 1.)

was about forty-five years of age, and about 6ft. tall."

A moment later Ball stood in a dramatic attitude as, at the request of counsel, he showed how the third man had pointed the revolver at him with the left hand and had held up his right hand to strike Miss Bradfield. He said the man struck three blows.

The Judge interposed with a question as to how the blows were struck, and Ball said that the man struck Miss Bradfield on the back of the head. She then turned round towards him, and the man struck her two terrible blows on the forehead.

Mr. Hewart asked him as to the position of the body, and Ball said that it had been turned right round.

"How could it have been turned round by a man with a marine spike in one hand and a revolver in the other?" asked Mr. Hewart.

"That is the reason why I think there was another man whom I did not see in the office," said Ball.

The third man, he suggested, had been able to get out of the shop unseen. After the man had gone Elftoft returned, and he told Elftoft everything from the beginning to the end.

Mr. Hewart: Who suggested the use of the sack, the handcart and the weights?

"Me," replied Ball.

Did it not occur to you that it was a horrible indignity to her and her family to treat the body as you proceeded to treat it?—Yes.

It would have been practically impossible, would it not, for all that was done to have been done by a man with one hand while he pointed a revolver at you?—It would require another man.

Ball further declared that Elftoft assisted him to put the body in the sack.

When Mr. Hewart sat down he had been cross-examining Ball for about an hour and a half, and Ball had altogether been under cross-examination for two hours and ten minutes.

HIS MOTHER'S KISS.

Mr. Riley then addressed the jury on behalf of Elftoft, and stated that he intended to call several witnesses, as well as his client.

Counsel spoke at length upon Elftoft's home life. The youth, he said, never went to his bed at night without his mother's kiss.

Elftoft was then placed in the witness-box, where he repeated his story given at the inquest. This was that when Miss Bradfield told him to go home Ball asked him to wait outside for him, which he did for a quarter of an hour.

He then shouted through the door, "Will you be long, George?" and Ball replied, "Wait, I won't be long."

Later Ball came out wheeling the handcart. He said there was something in it, and they took it to the lock fields, which he (Elftoft) knew to be a tip for rubbish.

Ball then took the bundle off the handcart and dragged it away. He could not say where he took it to. Then Ball came back, rolled up the sheet with the sack inside, and he and Ball took the handcart into the yard.

Counsel: Did you see the dead body of Miss Bradfield that night?—No.

Did you ever go into the shop after waiting outside?—No.

Did Ball ever say to you that the best thing to be done was to conceal her body?—No.

Did you agree with him that the best plan would be to keep your mouth shut?—No.

Cross-examined by Mr. Tobin, Elftoft said he did not ask Ball whether he had got the rubbish from the cellar.

Did you ask him who had given orders to get this rubbish from the cellar?—No.

Elftoft denied that he was there when Miss Bradfield was struck down or that he helped to pack up the body.

His father then entered the witness-box, and spoke of his son's good character at home.

"His last prize was won in this very hall," remarked the father dramatically.

HIS LAST HOPE GONE.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, Feb. 4.—Though radium worth £200,000 has been used in the hope of curing him, Mr. Robert G. Bremner, a representative in the National Congress from the State of New Jersey, and a native of Scotland, is dying of cancer.

His case has attracted world-wide attention because he had eleven tubes of radium imbedded in the growth in his shoulder at the nursing home of Dr. Howard Kelly, a foremost authority on radium and the treatment of cancer, in Baltimore.

Dr. Kelly, who is now in London, had hoped that the treatment would result in a degeneration of the cancer cells due to the action of the gamma rays.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Moderate or fresh southerly winds; fair to cloudy, with some rain in the west; sun; temperature, 53°; wind, S.W. 10 m.p.h.; High water at London Bridge: 8.7 a.m.

LONDON OBSERVATIONS. Holborn Circus, City, 5 p.m.—Barometer, 30.1 in.; sky, cloudy; temperature, 48 deg.; wind, S., moderate breeze; weather, fair.

See passages will be smooth to moderate in the south and east and rather rough in the west.

SEVENTY HURT AT CUP-TIE MATCH.

Wall with 100 Spectators Collapses on Crowd Below.

PLAYERS TO RESCUE.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

SHEFFIELD, Feb. 4.—The replayed Cup-tie match between Sheffield Wednesday and Wolverhampton at Hillsborough this afternoon was marred by a grim accident.

A few minutes before the end of the game a new wall at one end of the ground, which served as an impromptu grand stand for a large number of onlookers, suddenly collapsed and precipitated over 100 people a distance of 40ft. to the ground.

When some sort of order was established it was found that seventy people were more or less seriously hurt, and the football players had to be requisitioned to assist the ambulance men to carry the injured to the pavilion.

A number were taken to the Royal Infirmary, where eleven were detained.

Three men are in a critical condition, and their chances of recovery are said to be almost hopeless. Their names are—

William Day (aged thirty-five), of Edlington, New Southgate, Durham, fractured ribs and abdominal contents.

John Cartwright (aged fifty-seven), of 50, Stanley Street, Parkgate, fractured ribs and abdominal contents.

Hope Dingleworth (aged twenty-eight), of 9, Raine-road, Heeley, Sheffield, concussion of the brain.

After the injured had been removed play was resumed, but the Wanderers' goalkeeper was so affected by the accident that he could not take the field again.

There was an attendance of 45,000 at the match, and many of the crowd were gathered below the wall, in addition to those standing on the top of it.

NO TIME TO ESCAPE.

When the collapse occurred the people on the ground had no time to get out of the way, with the result that many of those on the wall broke their own fall by injuring the people below.

The collapse occurred when Sheffield Wednesday were making a rush down the field, and was undoubtedly due to the fact that the spectators standing on it leant forward in their excitement, and the strain of their weight was added to by the crowd below pushing against the wall.

A lad of about fifteen was brought to a stand injured in the head. His first question on recovering consciousness was: "Is it over yet?—has Wednesday won?" On being assured they had, he lay back with the remark, "That's all right then."

One of the injured men, describing the accident, said: "We were all packed together like herrings in a box under the wall. There was a sudden crash, and we were thrown to the ground with a terrific weight of bricks on top of us."

I was in complete darkness, and could scarcely breathe, nor could I move. I had to wait until someone came to my assistance and removed the brickwork, which pinned me down."

(Photographs on page 1.)

IRISH AIRMAN'S ROMANCE.

Fortune of £12,500 Left to Little Girl Friend of Fourteen—Will Contested.

A romantic attachment to a girl of fourteen is disclosed by the will of the late Lieutenant Desmond Arthur, the Irish Army airman, which, proved yesterday in the Dublin courts, leaves the whole of his fortune of £12,500 to the child—Winifred Constance Ropner, of Ambleside, West Hartlepool, Durham.

On the death body of the airman when it was found near Montrose last May, after a fall in his biplane of 2,000ft., was a miniature portrait of the girl.

Miss Ropner is the daughter of Mr. William Ropner, shipowner, and granddaughter of Sir Robert Ropner, Bart., the well-known north-country shipowner.

The airman was living at Seaton Carew, West Hartlepool, some ten or eleven years ago, and became a close friend of Mr. and Mrs. Ropner and their family.

The case came before the courts in the form of an action to establish the will by Mr. T. G. Studert, of County Clare, and Mr. William Ropner, against the lieutenant's brother, Mr. Charles Arthur, of County Clare. The defence.

After evidence that the will was entirely in the lieutenant's handwriting, and the testimony of the two witnesses of the will, counsel for the defendant said he did not wish to contest the matter further.

PRINCE PALATINE CASE ENDS.

The action in which Captain Thomas Henry Browne, a retired Army officer, of Regent's Park-terrace, sued Mr. Jack Barnato Joel was concluded yesterday, the jury, without leaving the box, finding in favour of defendant.

The plaintiff claimed £2,000 or 5 per cent. commission in connection with the purchase by Mr. Joel of the racehorse Prince Palatine for £40,000. He stated that he was appointed as Mr. Joel's agent to buy Prince Palatine from Mr. T. Pilkington. But Mr. Joel eventually bought the horse for himself through Mr. S. Tattersall.

Mr. Joel, the defendant, went into the witness-box. Nothing, he said, was ever said about plaintiff acting as witness's agent or receiving commission.

Re-examined, Mr. Joel said he had bought hundreds of horses and had never paid commission, except in America when he specially commissioned a man. The vendor always paid the commission.

"SECURITY FOR ALL."

Mr. Lloyd George Delivers His Eagerly-Awaited Land Speech.

To a vast Glasgow audience of some 5,000 people Mr. Lloyd George last night made his eagerly-anticipated speech on the land question.

The Government policy with regard to the farmer went, he said, beyond the Scottish Land Act.

"That Act confines the land courts to the question of rent to farms of fifty acres and £50 rental."

"The Government proposes to give to the large farmer the right of appeal to the Commission, and where there is a great change in the agricultural conditions which affect the rental value of the farm, then the farmer should have free access to the Commission to apply for the reduction of his rent."

"We propose," he said, "that security of tenure for small holdings shall be given to all tillers of the soil, great and small."

They wanted a complete change of the conditions of land monopoly in towns.

1. They needed that all land acquired by municipalities for public purposes should be bought at a fair market price.

2. Municipalities should be empowered to buy land in advance of their immediate needs.

3. There should be a more expeditious method of ascertaining the price of land.

The Government would, he announced, see that the landlords who attached great value to their land should contribute to all public expenses on the rental value of that land.

Mr. Lloyd George, concluding, said that generation after generation of the best men in the Highlands had seen their children wither before their eyes from lack of air and lung spaces denied them by men who held hundreds of thousands of square miles for their own use.

The chariots of retribution were drawing nigh, and all injustice was coming to an end.

CABINET AND ULSTER.

According to the Press Association, it is probable that some statement with regard to the Ulster crisis will be made in the debate on the Address next week giving the result of the informal party negotiations during the recess. "The Government is genuinely anxious to secure a settlement by consent, if that be possible, and to go considerable lengths. Pacific influences have been at work in high quarters."

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS.



Mr. James Fox, a Derbyshire cotton worker, who has inherited £5,335 from a wealthy Frenchman whom he saved from drowning.



Mr. Wheeler, an Englishman serving a sentence of four years penal servitude in Japan, who is reported to have escaped.

QUEEN IN RAILWAY SMASH.

SOFIA, Feb. 4.—According to a telegram received here, the Queen, express, in which Queen Eleonore of Bulgaria was a passenger, has been in collision near Semlian, Hungary.

The engines of both trains, it is stated, were wrecked, but the passengers escaped injury.—Central News.

MR. SELFRIDGE OWNS HIS BUSINESS.

Mr. Gordon Selfridge purchased yesterday, from his friend and associate Mr. John Musker, all the ordinary shares in Selfridge's, Limited, Oxford-street, W., the business associated with his name.

Mr. Selfridge added that he should now offer his preference shares, worth £320,000, to the public at par to enable him to pay for the ordinary shares.

"TO DIE FOR YOU."

Remarkable Letters Read in Husband's Suit for Divorce.

WIFE'S DEMANDS.

"If you don't want me, stick the knife right into me and have done with it, but don't play the fool."

This was a dramatic passage from a husband's reply to an extraordinary letter from his wife, which was read in the Divorce Court yesterday.

Mr. Charles E. G. Gordon, of Burgess Hill, of independent means, sought a divorce from his wife Cissie, who now resides at Maidenhead, alleging that she had been guilty of misconduct with Mr. A. J. Luce, of Windsor.

Mrs. Gordon cross-petitioned for restitution of conjugal rights, denying the allegations.

'WILLING TO FIGHT AND DIE FOR YOU.'

Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., for the husband, said the case was out of the general run of divorce suits by reason of the circumstances which surrounded the marriage of the parties.

Mr. Gordon was a gentleman possessed of considerable means, and there, he thought, they got at once to the bottom of that case. The lady gave her name on the certificate of marriage as Phillips.

She met Mr. Gordon in the lounge of a London hotel and told him with frankness what her past had been. She also told him that she had an allowance of £250 a year.

Mr. Gordon, proceeded counsel, was not of particularly strong mind and he stuttered badly. He became infatuated with her, and after a few days, on March 28, 1903, he married her at the St. Pancras register office.

Time after time, said Mr. Hall, the husband complained of the way his wife left him, and she wrote him capricious replies. There was no doubt that in April, 1903, she was repentant of her past life and was thoroughly alive to the kindness her husband had done her.

In 1907 she went for "a few weeks," but she stayed for months, against her husband's will. He wrote suggesting that he should come out, and, to his astonishment, she wrote telling him that he had better stay where he was, as it would spoil her plans.

On October 26 she wrote:—

I send you this to tell you I am quite well in spite of being away from your tender care. I enclose a photo. Rather too good for a grave widow, as I look happy. I always appear happier when away from your grumbles.

Her husband's reply, however, seemed to have made an impression on her, for she wrote: "I am sorry I wrote in such a way, but you arouse the devil in me."

Another letter from her caused the husband to write:—

Your letter was beautiful. Please don't play the fool. If you don't want me, stick the knife right into me and have done with it, but do not torture me. I am willing to fight and die for you, and cannot get on without you.

Later in the year Mr. Gordon took a house in North Britain for the shooting season, his wife remaining in London.

He allowed her £600 a year at this time. So, said counsel, things went on, the lady always writing for money and always expecting to be paid for anything she did. Yet one day she wrote the following astounding letter to her husband:—

I am disgusted at your selfish extravagance. How you dared to spend £500, a quarter of your income, on a few months' shooting is more than I can understand! What explanation can there be for such astounding squander! You are always reminding me of the sables I got for £100, yet you pay £500 for shooting and £1,000 for a motor-car which I have never had the use of. Yet you went through the marriage service and said: "With all my worldly goods I thee endow." It is as good as a woman promising to obey. I am not coming to you, but I am going to have a legal share of your income, and will find out exactly what it is—Your Wife Cissie.

On May 3, 1913, said Mr. Hall, Mrs. Gordon went down to the hydro at Burgess Hill and was there for some days. Staying there was the co-respondent, Mr. Luce, who was a young man of nineteen years.

The hearing was adjourned. (Photographs on page 8 and 9.)

EXILES' LEADER.

General Smuts Says Mr. Bain Was Boer Secret Service Agent.

The drama of the South African strike is only at its beginning.

Swiftly upon the midnight deportation of the ten Labour leaders came another sensational incident.

General Smuts, the Minister of Defence, in presenting to the Union Parliament yesterday the defence of the Government's attitude to the strike, made a startling disclosure of secret history. Speaking of Mr. Bain, leader of the strikers and general secretary of the Federation of Trades, he said that he was "the most desperate character he had ever come across, and he the General knew him when he was in the secret service of the Republican Government, both before the war and after."

CAPTOWN, Feb. 4.—General Smuts spoke for nearly four hours, and then moved the adjournment of the House, deferring his references to the events of January and the deportations until tomorrow.

Referring to the various moves of the strike leaders, and mentioning particularly their incitement of the natives to strike, and their "pulling



GENERAL SMUTS.

MR. BAIN.

out" of the loyal men, he denounced their methods as "inscrupulous and immoral."

They showed Syndicalism in its true colours. Mr. Bain, the general secretary of the Federation of Trades, had played a great part in the work of incitement.

Bain was the most desperate character that he had ever come across. He (General Smuts) knew him when he was in the secret service of the Republican Government, both before the war and after.

It was quite clear, he said, that the attempt made by the Federation was one to paralyse trade and business, stop the transport services, terrorise and starve the community into surrender, and in that way gain its ends.—Central News.

Speaking of Johannesburg, says Reuten, General Smuts described it as the Mecca of the hooligans.

SECRETS OF MELODRAMA.

Author Who Selects Characters' Names from Telephone Book.

Mr. Walter Melville told Mr. Justice Warrington in the Chancery Division yesterday how he wrote melodramas.

He is a defendant with his brother, Mr. Frederick Melville, in an action brought for an injunction and damages by Miss Rosemary Rees for an alleged infringement of her rights in a play, "The Beggar Bride."

"Some writers," said Mr. Melville, "find it necessary to practise every morning—like a violin lesson—but I do not find it necessary to practise."

"I would start it about half-past twelve in the afternoon and go on till about two or three in the afternoon. The only things that hang me up in a play are the names of the characters. I want to try to get euphonious names. You sometimes get names that are, and very often if you have a name that jars you have a laugh in the wrong place. You see as you name the characters in the telephone book."

Have you not formed a conclusion, speaking broadly, said counsel, "that the play which succeeds best is the play that tells a good story and grips and thrills the home?"

No. I would really say you do not know what you are talking about; the play that draws best, the play that has the best plot, is the play that draws the money."

Counsel: I suggest to you that from the time of Aristotle downwards the success of a melodrama and a true statement of human nature, that the thing that appeals to an audience is the plot.

You can say so, said Mr. Melville, amid laughter, "and you can try it." (Laughter.) The hearing was adjourned. (Photograph on page 8.)

£250,000 WANTED FOR BOY SCOUTS.

A sum of £250,000 is urgently required to help on the work and organisation of the boy scouts.

Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, the Chief Scout, in a letter to *The Daily Mirror*, makes a public appeal for this sum, so that, for every "six years' experiential work," boy scouting may be put on a sound financial and national basis.

Donations may be made to the credit of the Boy Scouts' Endowment Fund at the Bank of England, or cheques may be sent direct to Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, at 116, Victoria-street, S.W.

SIEGE OF HAY LOFT.

There were strange scenes at Reading yesterday, when the police endeavoured to capture a local butcher named Pocock, who, while in a public-house, appeared suddenly to lose his reason.

He began by smashing everything he could lay hands on, and as the damage was serious the police were summoned.

The man started out of the house and ran up a ladder into a hayloft. Seizing a pitchfork, he threatened all who approached him.

After a while he broke through the roof, and then set the loft on fire.

When the fire brigade arrived the fire was already out, but the firemen turned the hose upon the butcher, who finally surrendered, after holding the police at bay for four hours. One policeman was injured.



Soldiers walking beside the hearse of Mrs. Evans, who was buried at Richmond yesterday. She was one of the three women who got through the Crimean War with her husband. "I got quite used to dodging shells," she once said. Her portrait appears in the circle.



Dr. Gore.

probably the shyest of the English prelates. He has never been interviewed, and is a confirmed bachelor. Dr. Gore has menservants only at Cuddesdon—a practice which was followed by the late Cecil Rhodes.

Forgot His Dress-Coat.

A prominent politician renowned for his absent-mindedness arrived recently at a big dinner-party in his usual smart overcoat, which he took off in the hall, only to find that he had slipped the said overcoat on over his shirt-sleeved state, leaving his dress-coat on the bed at home. However, many a political crisis has hardened his nerves, and all he said to the amazed and offended butler was: "Send my car back home, please, for my dress-coat. I'll wear my overcoat till it comes." It came during the fish, and he wore his overcoat till then. He explained to the hostess, but the other guests supposed he was afraid of draughts.

France and the Grand National.

A very well-known French racing man writes that our jumpers will have to be bang up to their top form if we are to prevent the Grand National from going to France this year through the medium of Luteur III., who, of course, won the Blue Riband of the Chase four years ago. "Luteur," he writes me, "will finish his preparation for the National under the charge of Harry Escott at Lewes." But Sir Charles Ascheton Smith thinks that one of his horses will defeat the French attack.

You Never Can Tell.

A shabby old man presented himself at the Waldorf yesterday. His condition was almost ragged, and I think the attendants thought he had come on a begging expedition. He went to room No. 2, asked for five five-guinea seats for the Blake v. Wells boxing contest, paid for them in good, red gold extracted from an old-fashioned purse and departed.

"As In a Looking Glass."

I met Mr. F. C. Phillips, of "As In a Looking Glass" fame, yesterday, and he tells me that his book of personal reminiscences is just finished. All sorts of prominent people are wondering what he has left out.

Mr. Tobin.

Mr. Tobin, K.C., who is defending George Ball in the sack murder trial, first came into prominence, so far as London is concerned, with the Crippen case.



Mr. A. A. Tobin, K.C.

He enjoys a most extensive practice in the North of England, and has the most ecclesiastical voice of any member of the Bar.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

A Shy Bishop.

The Bishop of Oxford, who has recently been in retreat, is probably the shyest of the English prelates. He has never been interviewed, and is a confirmed bachelor. Dr. Gore has menservants only at Cuddesdon—a practice which was followed by the late Cecil Rhodes.

What the King Knows.

"The mechanical side of photography, like the mechanical side of almost everything in life, has always appealed strongly to the King's interest. On the questions of exposure and developing plates he is probably as sound an authority as any amateur in the country. Engineering is another subject that attracts him, and he has a remarkable knowledge of shipbuilding and many theories on naval construction.

"Old Bernondsey!"

It was a new maid, and she was rather shaky waiting at her first dinner-party. In her nervousness she asked one of the guests if he would "take Bernondsey." "And a better description you couldn't imagine," he said afterwards, "for a more awful stuff to call Burgundy I never tasted."

In Hyde Park.

For a long time past one of the features of life in Hyde Park has been the number of old gentlemen who, for hours at a time, stand about the gravelled paths and feed the sparrows out of their hands. It is a curious little

occupation, and the old gentlemen enjoy themselves immensely, especially when a crowd gathers to watch the performance. This week, however, a cloud has entered into their sunny existence: their happy hunting ground has been usurped by two charming girls of about twenty, who are tempting the birds from their old allegiance.

Miss Lloyd and America.

So Miss Marie Lloyd is not to be allowed to re-enter the United States. Well, I do not suppose she is sorry. Nothing more disgraceful than the treatment of Miss Lloyd by democratic America has happened for a long time. The irony of the situation is contained in the fact that the attack on Miss Lloyd was largely engineered by politicians who are financially interested in reputable houses. These purists thought it would be a popular thing to attack a great English vaudeville artist.

Industrious Japan.

"Japanese are the most indefatigable of travellers," commented the passenger agent of a great steamship line yesterday. "There is never a ship sailing from an English port to any of the capitals in the seven seas that doesn't carry one or more Japanese passengers. Have you ever been in a ship that didn't carry a Japanese passenger?"

Anklets for Men.

Men are adopting another feminine idea, and are wearing anklets. These are not the jewelled anklets, of course, but they may follow. Anklets are now embroidered in men's socks in the same way that embroidered anklets are worked on women's stockings.

Oscar Asche, Cricketer.

Oscar Asche, who is running two dogs in the Waterloo Cup, was always keen on games and a good cricketer. When he was with F. R. Benson the company ran a cricket team, and the story always was that Benson was so keen on winning that he gave the biggest of the smaller parts to the man who won him matches. So Oscar Asche got the runs—and the parts. And that is how he obtained his first good chances on the stage.

Rune Like a Libel.

Talking about the English Rugby side against Ireland, I was given a new description of "a Poulton run." "It's like a libellous rumour," said my friend: "you never quite know where it starts: it seems to go every way at once: the more you try to stop it, the faster it goes: and you never can tell where it will end."

Hats at Lectures.

There has been a great fuss in Paris at the Collège de France lately about the crowd of smartly-dressed women who will insist upon attending M. Bergson's lectures there and so keeping the genuine students out. The students of Paris are not to be "put upon," however, and they made such a fuss that Bergson altered the hour of his lecture to suit them. When the smart "discover" a lecturer there (and their hats) certainly do get in the way rather.

The Wrong Man.

Once in Paris, I remember going to hear M. Faguet, the well-known critic, at the Sorbonne. Two beautiful ladies arrived with nodding plumes and exclaimed, "These he is! Dear M. Larroumet!"

They had come to the wrong lecture, but they were in raptures all through, till, at the end, one of them happened to ask the man at the door when M. Larroumet's next lecture would be. "But that was not M. Larroumet, madame." "Indeed? What a shame! I thought the lecture was very dull!"

Comet-like Rulers.

So President Billinghurst is no longer ruler of Peru. It is a way they have in South America, and no doubt enables every citizen to become President in turn.

A Sudden Change.

Exactly two hours before the telegram announcing the trouble in Peru reached this office I was chatting with the Peruvian Consul in Cardiff. He told me that Senor Billinghurst had "begun his administration under most auspicious conditions and that Peru would at last come into its own." It has.

Ragged Boys in the Chorus.

It is not generally known that several members of the chorus in "Parsifal" have graduated in a London ragged school. They are gifted with wonderful voices.



Mr. Wilhelm Ganz.

"Joseph" Not New.

Mr. Wilhelm Ganz reminds me that it is incorrect to describe the Covent Garden production of Méhul's "Joseph" as the first in England. It was performed in 1841, he writes, at Drury Lane during a German opera season there, but, owing to the ban on biblical opera, it was announced as an oratorio. Mr. Ganz's father, Mr. Adolph Ganz, conducted this performance.

Mr. Harris in Brixton.

I rather think that Mr. Frank Harris will enjoy his leisure in Brixton Prison, and I hear he is going to put it to profitable account by doing some new literary work. If Mr. Harris had not so many friends he would write more books.

The Extravagant Anarchist.

Mr. Harris is an Anarchist in politics, but he spends a princely fortune on luncheons. Ordering lunch is, with him, one of the supreme problems of life. It was Mr. Harris who gave that unfortunate genius, the late Richard Middleton, his first chance in journalism. He used to be very friendly with Lord Alfred Douglas. But that is long ago.

Actresses' Birthdays.

I have been looking through an interesting little book of theatrical birthdays. It is rather funny. Miss Ellen Terry (February 27, 1848), Miss Marie Lloyd (February 12, 1870), Mrs. Langtry (October 13, 1852), Mrs. Bernard Beere (October 5, 1856), and Mrs. Patrick Campbell (February 9, 1865) are quite frank about the year of their birth. But many other actresses are extremely reticent. They supply the date and the month. But the year is omitted.

"Topical" Speeches.

Mr. W. J. Edwards, the general manager of the "Topical," the big photographic Press agency, is entering the realms of cinema, and has started the Commercial and Educational Film Company. Mr. Edwards has been connected with the "Topical" agency for eleven years past, and he remembers well the first photograph this agency took. It was of a cat which saved the life of its owner by pawing his face and waking him in the middle of the night, thus warning him that his house was on fire.

A Wonderful Picture.

The most remarkable photograph Mr. Edwards's agency has ever dealt with, he tells me, is that taken at the actual moment when the bomb was thrown at King Alfonso and his bride at Madrid on their wedding day. This picture, I believe, was sold for a record fee. Mr. Edwards prides himself upon his perfect system of indexing, which enables him to turn up in a few moments any one of some 200,000 negatives. I wish him success in his new venture.

THE RAMBLER.

Mr. W. J. Edwards.

ENGLISHMAN'S ESCAPE?

Reported Flight from Gaol in Japan While Serving Four Years' Sentence.

The escape of Mr. Wheeler, an Englishman, serving a sentence of four years' penal servitude in Japan, was reported last night at Leicester. It is stated that he has succeeded in boarding a steamer which is due to arrive in England next month.

Mr. Wheeler, who is a member of the Leicester firm of Genz, Wheeler and Co., was arrested in Japan in January, 1913, on suspicion of obtaining money under false pretences.

It was alleged that he had come to Japan with intention to defraud "by selling knitting machines of an obsolete pattern in excess of their value with the ultimate intention of leaving the country, and of having obtained thereby £10,000."

Tried in the following April, he was sentenced to four years' penal servitude. His appeal against this sentence was dismissed in December, and a further appeal was pending.

AIRMAN CAGED FOR HIS "LARKS."

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Feb. 4.—M. Canomp, the French aviator, gave such a daring exhibition of aerial acrobatics at Beuvres recently that several people fainted.

A report of his performance was sent to the Aviation Corps, and he was given seven days' confinement, besides being severely censured.

CATS OF HIGH DEGREE.

Litigation Over Prize Pets That Enjoyed Hot-Water Bottles in Bed.

Prize cats that were wrapped in warm flannel and had hot-water bottles in their straw beds were the subject of an action before the High Court Official Referee in London yesterday.

Damages were claimed against Mr. George Wilson and his wife and daughter, noted show-cat owners, by Mrs. Rose Woodham, who alleged that the cats had damaged Purley Lodge, Purley.

Mr. Lambert, for the plaintiff, said Purley Lodge was let to Mr. Wilson for five years. Wires were placed round the windows to keep the show cats in, and they were "sent run" in the grounds.

A witness described the "cat run" as being like a chicken run. In June, 1913, there were weeds in the grounds as high as small fruit-trees.

Mr. Patrick Hastings, for the defendants, said Mrs. Wilson had gone to the expense of building a proper house for the cats, and she would deny that her cats, some of which were amongst the most valuable in the country, were a nuisance.

Mrs. Wilson said that show cats were her great hobby, and people had come to Purley Lodge to take pictures of them.

Cross-examined, she said it was not dangerous for the health of her prize cats to keep them in the cat-house in the grounds. They were kept dry and warm and had hot-water bottles in their straw beds at night and some were wrapped in warm flannel.

The Official Referee gave judgment for the defendants, with costs.

REVOLUTION IN PERU.

President Billinghurst Taken Prisoner and His Prime Minister Killed.

NEW YORK, Feb. 4.—A telegram from Lima states that President Billinghurst, of Peru, has been taken prisoner by military revolutionaries, who attacked the presidential palace.

General Valera, the Premier, was killed in a close of a sharp fight which ensued.

Dr. Augusto Durand, the ex-revolutionary leader, who is in possession of the palace, is expected to form a new Government.—Reuter.

President William Billinghurst, who is imprisoned, is one of a long list of Englishmen who have arisen to distinction in South America.

The President was born at Iquique in 1860, and is the son of an English merchant, who settled in Peru and married a Peruvian woman.

When Europe was startled and horrified two years ago by stories of the terrible rubber atrocities in Putumayo, President Billinghurst, who had then just succeeded to office, sent a telegram to *The Daily Mirror* assuring Englishmen that he "would be indelible" in putting a stop to the inhuman outrages. (Photograph on page 9.)

£400 FOR NAPOLEON BABIES.

PARIS, Feb. 4.—To celebrate the birth of their son Louis, Prince and Princess Victor Napoleon have forwarded from Brussels to M. Rudelle, a former Deputy at Versailles, the sum of £400 for distribution among poor families in Paris who have a newly-born child.

DOGS' STEAK AND EGGS.

Luxurious Diet of Mr. Oscar Asche's Five Greyhounds from Australia.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

AMBERLEY (Gloucestershire), Feb. 4.—Rump steak and fresh eggs for dogs—that is the luxurious diet of five greyhounds, the property of Mr. Oscar Asche, the famous actor.

Mr. Asche and Mrs. Asche (Miss Lily Brayton) returned from their Australian tour three weeks ago, and some months ahead of them, came to Amberley the five greyhounds which Mr. Asche purchased in Australia.

The animals are so delicate and need such constant "mothering" that two men, a Mr. White and his son, travelled all the way from Australia with the dogs, and are with them here.

Mr. Asche gave me some interesting facts about his pets—

"I am entering two of the greyhounds for the Waterloo Cup and have the greatest hopes of them," he said. "Their value already seems to be recognised by experts. A man rang me up a few days ago and offered me £500 for one of them, but I refused the offer."

At 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. each day the greyhounds are given stewed rump steak with raw new-laid eggs broken over the meat. From 10.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. the dogs go for a walk of five or six miles. (Photographs on page 9.)

On Page 11—Should Parent or Teacher Tell—Buying Some Socks—Nurses Who See "Life with Lid Off"—To-day's Bride and Her Dress.



90 February Prizes for users of Nubolic

(The 'Sweetness and Health' Soap)

'Still another tempting opportunity to try this splendid home-purifier and work-saver,' says Mrs. Cheerisoul, '—and to win a most acceptable cash prize into the bargain.'

Use 'Nubolic,' and your bedrooms, bath-rooms, sculleries, lavatories, living rooms will be as fresh and sweet as if a country breeze were wafting through them all day long.

For Boys

UNDER 17 YEARS

Prizes for the longest lists of names and addresses of different people whom you have told about 'Nubolic' Soap and the 'Nubolic' monthly competitions. The people themselves must write their names, and their full addresses must be given.

Closes Feb. 28

FIRST PRIZE £5

2nd Prize £2 10/-; 3rd Prize £1 10/-; 4th Prize £1; 5th Prize 10/-; 25 Prizes of 5/-

For Girls

UNDER 17 YEARS

Prizes this month for the Best Drawings in pen and ink, or lead pencil, of the picture at the top of this advertisement. Draw the picture a little larger than printed above. (Age will be taken into account.)

Closes Feb. 28

FIRST PRIZE £5

2nd Prize £2 10/-; 3rd Prize £1 10/-; 4th Prize £1; 5th Prize 10/-; 25 Prizes of 5/-

Open to All

Prizes for the best five-word sentences relating to 'Nubolic,' each word to contain one of the five vowels (a, e, i, o, u), in the order named. Example: 'Safeguards health, ensuring home purity.' (Underline the five vowels in red ink).

Closes Feb. 28

FIRST PRIZE £10

2nd Prize £5; 3rd Prize £3; 4th Prize £2; 5th Prize £1; 25 Prizes of 10/-

List of Winners will be published in 'The Daily Mirror,' Saturday, March 21st, 1914.

The last of these Monthly Competitions will appear in March, then will come the Grand Final Competitions for a **£500 House** and **£100 Cash** (Open to All), and **£300 in Scholarships** (for Boys and Girls). All who enter for any of the Monthly Competitions may compete for the Grand Final Prizes.

FOLLOW THESE RULES:

All efforts for the above Competitions to be posted not later than February 28, postage prepaid. If more than one effort, send wrappers with each and pin all together. Address envelope as below.

Send 'Nubolic' wrappers (any size) with each effort as follows:—Boys, ONE; Girls, ONE; Open to all, THREE. You may win a prize every month; you may also win one of the Grand Final Prizes.

Nubolic Disinfectant Soap is sold in three sizes: 4d.; 3d.; 2d. Wrappers from any size accepted.

'NUBOLIC' DEPT., JOSEPH WATSON & SONS, LTD., WHITEHALL SOAP WORKS, LEEDS.

Always a Favourite

There are never any Clarnico Chocolated Lily Caramels left over. They are too delicious. Made of cream, sugar and almonds, coated with chocolate, they are quite irresistible. Try a ¼ lb.

CLARNICO Lily Caramels

Ask for the New Chocolated Ones.

Your guarantee is the name "Clarnico" on the bottom of each caramel. Made by Clarke, Nickolls & Coombs, Ltd., London.



GOOD HEALTH TALK

I recommend TUROG as a pleasant and wholesome change from your usual bread.

Give your body the right food and it will respond in increased energy. Turog is the right food; it is all of the wheat that is fit to eat. Perfectly digestible and wholly nutritious.

Try this change for the better; you need Turog, which is all of the wheat that Nature intended you to eat—the kernel, the germ and the three INNER layers—no husk, no irritant to injure the delicate membrane lining of the stomach, no fibre.

Turog pleases the palate and satisfies that craving for natural food of which we are conscious, but which we do not always regard. Therefore, order Turog. It is a good health suggestion; act on it to-day.

Turog

Best Brown Bread

Guaranteed absolutely pure by
THE TUROG BROWN FLOUR CO. LTD.
CARDIFF.

100,000 FREE COPIES

We have just issued our 1914 Illustrated Catalogue, and shall have much pleasure in forwarding to all applicants a copy post free.

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1. Conservatories, Frames, and Heating Apparatus.
2. Incubators, Foster Mothers, Poultry Appliances, &c.
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761, OLD KENT ROAD, LONDON, S.E.

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HOW DR. PENSCHUK'S DISCOVERY ADDS
HEALTHY FLESH & STRENGTHENS NERVES

No need to be thin and nervous. Dr. Penschuk has made a great discovery. "SANAGLOBIN" enables the thin and nervous to add as much as 1lb. a week of firm, smooth, natural flesh; and at the same time calm and strengthen the nerves.

With more flesh the haggard, drawn look disappears and the figure develops along the desired lines. The personal energy and vigour increase. The spirits brighten, and general health and physical appearance improve.

Write for copy of interesting **FREE BOOK** on Causes and Cure of Thinness, published by the **SANAGLOBIN CO., Ltd.**, Dept. 37, 115, Clerkenwell-road, London, E.C.

Sanaglobin Tablets are obtainable at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. from all branches of Boots, Cash Chemists; Hedges, Birmingham; Hodder and Co., Bristol; Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd.; Timothy White Co., Selfridge's, and most High-Class Chemists, or direct post paid from the above address.—(Advt.)

NOTICE TO READERS.

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Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1914.

THE WORKLESS WEEK

THE worst of holidays is that they are so annoying to other people. We mean that other people's holidays are so annoying to us; or else that people never annoy one another so successfully as when they are on their holidays together.

You will agree, if you will remember your sensations on living through a week of Sundays at Christmas time, or Easter; or if, on Bank Holidays, you've seen some pleasant retreat of your own, in the suburbs or country, invaded by miscellaneous persons known as holiday-makers.

Being of a retired disposition, and having a small fixed income, you at once withdrew into yourself like a sensitive plant or insect, and you came to the conclusion that it would be "perfectly dreadful" if holidays went on all the year round. The fact that most people have to work so continuously means that a few people can still enjoy the "unspeakable rural solitudes" and the "sweet security of streets."

This security, these solitudes, are, however, threatened for the few by the growing of week-ends, the profusion of days off, and now by the suggestion that every free Englishman should work only five days a week, knock Saturday, like Sunday, out of the working calendar and begin the stampede to the football grounds on Friday evening, or at least on Saturday morning "first thing."

The Saturday afternoon atmosphere will thenceforward descend upon us on Friday night—atmosphere of closing up and scattering abroad, of rain setting in (it always does), of streams of shadowy people making for trains and trams; of everything being packed with humanity and of a humanity dimly conscious of the fact that it has all time—or eternity—on its hands and that it doesn't in the least know what to do with it. So this humanity is streaming to the football and "the pictures."

With the result, they say, that everybody will be much fresher on Monday morning. Everybody will do better work.

But, if this be the effect of a five-day week, why not concentrate still more and let us off on Thursday? Why not four days of brilliance, supported by three days of recovery—of drawing back for a higher leap next time? The tendency will grow, the theory be more closely applied. Why not three days, two days, one day? Why not work, in a dashing Montessori manner, whenever so disposed?

It would pay, very likely, for the genius. When Homer began to nod, he could knock off and go to golf. No doubt Homer writes better after a rest. But the multitude? Is Monday their best day? Ask the foreman, whether Saturday and Sunday off result in the best work on Monday morning! And that morning, with its heavy feel, would be more Mondayish than ever, after a week-end of a week.

At least, so selfishly argue the privileged, afraid of Bank Holiday in permanence.

They are illogical, however. If the crowd all go to the football and the cinemas they cannot also be annoying the country solitudes. Even on Bank Holiday you can escape if you leave the open road, and go up the hills or into the woods, whence, far below, you hear the roar of a million motor-bicycles on the flat roads blinded with petrol-seasoned dust. W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

What avails a superfluity of freedom that we cannot use?—Goethe.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

ANGRY ABOUT IT.

I AM an enthusiastic professional musician. Some of my friends are indifferent about music and some uneducated people I know like music. Yet, strange to say, they all say they object to music during the pictures at cinema, even when it is good. Can't something be done, at least to prevent the nuisance of bad, idiotic, continuous streams of thumping from inefficient girls, with an elementary certificate for music? A. C. W.

WAGES AND WORKMEN.

THERE seems to be an impression amongst some optimists that Australia is crying out for English labour. My own experience of that country is that there is nothing that annoys the Australian workman so much as to be told that the British workman is coming his way. The reason is simple. Many Australian working

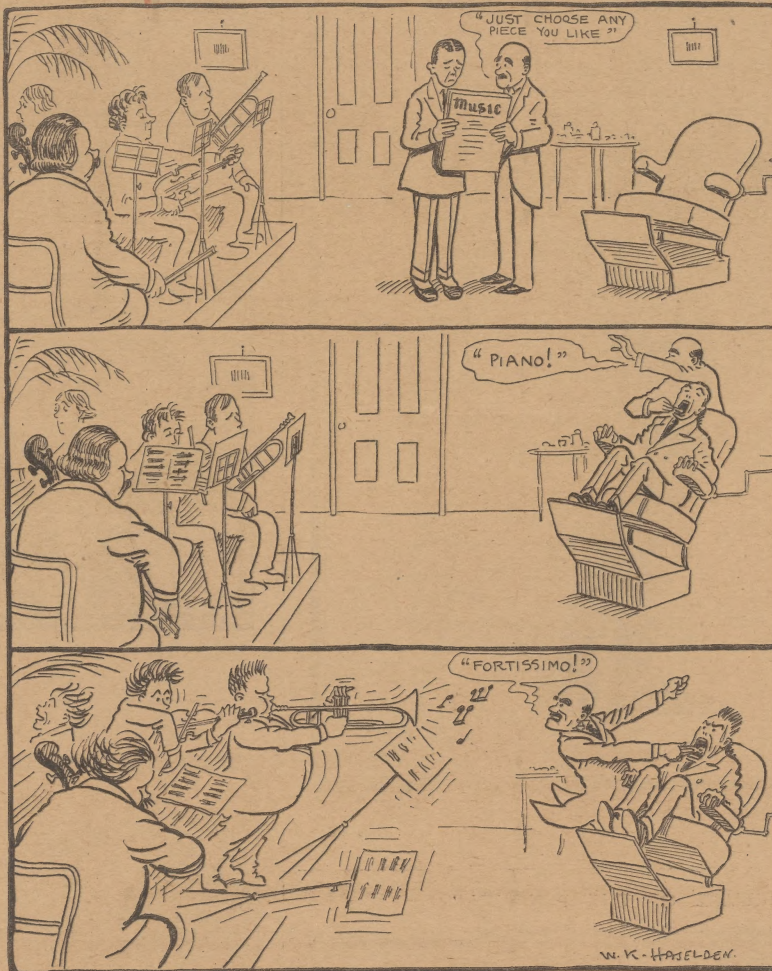
"SHUT THE DOORS!"

SURELY if people knew that the doors of a theatre were to be shut at the beginning of the first act, they would then make an effort to arrive in time, instead of, as now, dawdling in all the evening. Meanwhile those who are punctual would not be irritated as they are at present. A. F. A. Hammersmith.

A DREADFUL DILEMMA.

LAST week my husband was invited to dine with a friend, who intended to offer him a good appointment. During the twenty-five years of our happy married life I have always made a point of putting on my clothes myself, and on this occasion, owing I suppose to my own anxiety, I inadvertently put on his blue serge trousers instead of those of his dress suit. I have since heard, through a mutual friend,

A VISIT TO THE DENTIST MADE PLEASANT.



An enterprising French dentist has just started a system of special tooth-extractions "with music" at a considerably higher charge. Will this mean that an orchestra will have in future to be part of the ordinary dentist's outfit?—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

men have very high wages, because the problem of overcrowding in Australia has not yet reached that degree of intensity that it has here. Few workmen mean high wages. Millions of superfluous workmen mean low wages. Surely it is simple enough. St. George's-square, S.W.

IN AFTER DAYS.

In after days when grasses high
O'er-top the stone where I shall lie,
Though ill or well the world adjust
My slender claim to honored dust,
I shall not question nor reply.
I shall not see the morning sky;
I shall not hear the night-wind sigh;
I shall be mute, as all men must
In after days!

But yet, now living, faint were I
That some one then should testify,
Saying, "He held his pen in trust
To Art, not serving shame or lust."
Will none!—Then let my memory die
In after days!

—AUSTIN DONSON.

TO-DAY'S DINNER-TABLE TOPICS.

What to do about arrangements—the danger of our alleged civilization. It is a subject upon which all men and a good many women speak with absolute authority. Whether the love letters and very private correspondence of great men ought to be sold and made public. A propos the letters of Thackeray, how threatened. No, you don't think they ought to be published or sold, but no doubt, when they are published, you always read them. So now you can discuss the love and lives of many illustrious persons whose books very likely you haven't troubled to look at. Whether the taste for pantomime is dying out and what is replacing it for children. Grown-up plays? Certainly the child of today is allowed to go to plays that would have been considered "quite out of the question" for his parents when they were young. Emigration as a solution of our labour troubles. What you think. See our correspondence.

MANY OPINIONS.

What Our Readers Think About Some of the Problems of the Day.

HOW CAN HE TELL?

"Disquieted" cannot tell whether his love will survive marriage, and there is no need for him to do so. He proposes entering into a contract for marriage, which is business; what has love or passion got to do with any business?

I have already said, he should consult the partner he proposes to take into his business, whether the money at their disposal is sufficient to keep them both in the same position as they are in at present, and whether their habits, and "little ways," will fit in, and be tolerated one by the other, after the marriage.

Does the contract involve any sacrifice or self-denial on either side, and are both willing to make it? There are many other points depending on "Disquieted's" position and means. Can he afford servants; if not, can his wife cook; if not, who is going to cook their food? If such material points are agreed upon before the contract is signed he can reasonably expect to live in peace with his partner, and perhaps in love. Mill Hill Park. R.

"DISQUIETED'S" letter clearly points to a woeful lack of self-confidence, for his opening remarks on other opinions and their influence show that he cannot trust his own.

To me it seems that love itself should prove its own dependability.

Had "Disquieted" the same amount of worldly faith in his choice as he has, or should have (spiritually), in his Maker then all his doubts would disappear.

But that faith, with its assurance, only comes when that other sense (mystic or psychic, call it what you will) which we all possess speaks to the heart.

So my advice is, "Man, know thyself": rid yourself of pessimistic and outside opinions and just pay heed to the voice within. J. S.

I THINK "Disquieted" should satisfy himself on two points:—

1. Does he find his lady companionable?
 2. Do tastes and ideals reasonably agree?
- If he can answer "Yes," let him have no more misgivings, for he can build upon such a sound foundation as this and climb the heights approaching true love. THOUGHTFUL. Sevenoaks.

FAULTS OF THE MODERN GIRL.

"BACHELOR" must have been very unfortunate in regard to modern girls of his acquaintance.

Does he include his mother—perhaps sisters—in his sweeping assertion? Would women have obtained and retained their various trusted positions, in many cases keeping their husbands and homes going, if they were all so untrustworthy, irresponsible and worthless as he represents them? In reference to household management and cuisine, they are among the modern woman's ambition, and—

What's a table richly spread
Without a woman at its head.

Also, can "Bachelor" recall F. Reynolds's words:—

As for the women, though we scorn and flout 'em,
We may live with, but we cannot live without 'em.
ETHEL M. BENNETT.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 4.—The seed-order should be sent off as early as possible, for it will save the trouble of sowing many subjects in the open garden. This is going to be a great sweet pea year.

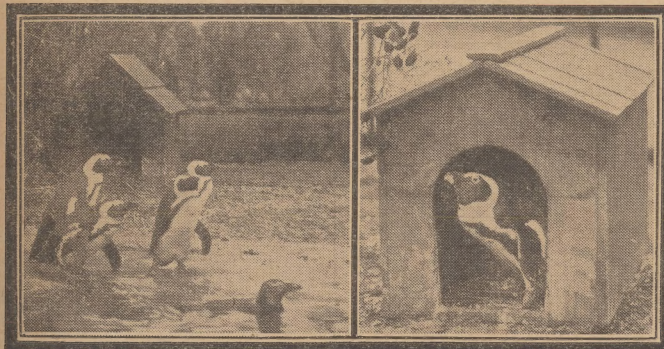
The raising of perennials from seed is extremely interesting, and masses of beautiful flowers may be cheaply obtained by sowing in boxes now in a cold frame or greenhouse or in the open ground early in April. Lupines, aquilegias, delphiniums, violas, pansies, hollyhocks, pyrethrums, etc., are easily raised from seed; many of the above will bloom the first season. E. F. F.

Miss Annette Kellerman Hurt.



Miss Annette Kellerman, the famous swimmer, who has been hurt while giving an exhibition at Hamilton, Bermuda, the glass tank into which she dived collapsing suddenly. She has frequently appeared in London.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

"BEWARE OF THE PENGUIN."



A morning constitutional.

"Will it be fine to-day?"

Penguins are not being used as substitutes for house dogs, though they are now housed in kennels, which the thoughtful authorities at the Zoological Gardens have provided for their comfort.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

CATS WHICH HAD HOT-WATER BOTTLES.



Mrs. George Wilson, one of the defendants in the case over prize cats, which were wrapped in flannel and had hot-water bottles in their beds. Report on another page.

ACTION OVER MELODRAMA.



Miss Rosemary Rees (with hands raised) leaving the Law Courts yesterday. She is suing the brothers Melville.

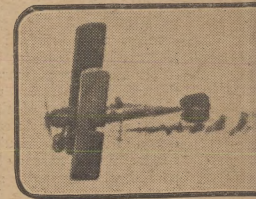
"Willing To



Mr. Gordon.

Extraordinary letters were read by Charles E. C. Gordon, of Burgess, wife, Cissie. "I am willing

SMOKE TELEGR



Experimenting with a new invention man communicates with those below long or short puffs according

COLLISION FOR A FILM.



A train and a runaway locomotive, both travelling at forty miles an hour, collide in a film called "The Wreck." The pictures illustrate the exciting incident.—(Vitagraph.)

AT HOME



Sir Joseph B. Mrs. Whitehead, sitting on the



Miss Du Pre of the Unionist candidate

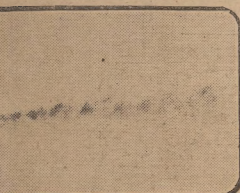
e For You."



Mrs. Gordon.

Divorce Court yesterday when Mr. petitioned for a divorce from his wife and die for you," he wrote.

FROM. AIRMEN.



Villacoublay, France. The air-planes of smoke messages, sending what he wants to say.

ABROAD.



Fuller gives world greet-ings.



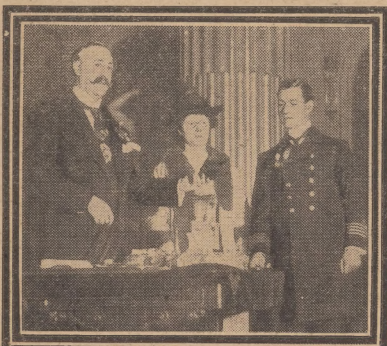
er father, the South Bucks.

PERU'S ENGLISH PRESIDENT A PRISONER.



President William Billinghurst, of Peru, who has been taken prisoner by military revolutionaries, who attacked his palace at Lima. The President is an Englishman.

HEROIC CAPTAIN HONOURED.



The Lord Mayor making a presentation yesterday to Captain Inch, the master of the Voltorno. Mrs. Inch is also seen.

ATTACK ON GIRL CYCLIST.



Miss Kathleen Oakes, leaving for the police court at Winsford (Cheshire), where John William Prince (in circle) was committed for trial on a charge of attempting to murder her while cycling.

Steak and Eggs for Greyhounds.



"Diana of the Uplands." Mrs. Asche (Miss Lily Brayton) calls to mind a famous picture.



Once Australia, a prize-winner.

Two of the hounds with Mr. and Mrs. Asche.

Mr. Oscar Asche, who has just returned from a tour in Australia, has brought with him five splendid greyhounds, which are fed entirely on rump steak and fresh eggs. Two of them have been entered for the Waterloo Cup.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

Don't wish for better health—get it!

Here is a quick, sure and safe way

Recommended by over 10,000 Doctors



Weak, Anaemic and
'Run-down.'

"A case for 'Wincarnis'."

Don't continue to suffer from Weakness, Anæmia, Nerve Troubles, Sleeplessness, Indigestion, or to remain "Run-down." There really is no need, because 'Wincarnis' (the Wine of Life) will give you new health, new strength, new blood, new nerves, and new life. 'Wincarnis' is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker, and a Nerve Food—all combined in one clear, delicious beverage. Therefore when you take 'Wincarnis' you obtain these four-fold benefits—all at once.

Don't remain Weak, Anaemic, 'Nervy,' 'Run-down'

Get well the 'Wincarnis' way—the quick, sure, and safe way to new health. 'Wincarnis' is the quick way, because the benefit begins from the first wineglassful. The sure way, because it has given new

Every wineglassful of 'Wincarnis' gives you more strength than you had before—more vitality than you had before—more rich, red blood than you had before—and stronger nerves than you had before. And each additional wineglassful gives you still more, until soon your whole body thrills and glows with new health and new life. Then you can stop taking 'Wincarnis.' But you can still enjoy the glorious new health 'Wincarnis' has given you.



Full of New Life and
Vigour.

"Thanks to Wincarnis."

A WORD OF WARNING

Cheap wine containing dangerous drugs is being offered to the Public as "just the same as 'Wincarnis'." Don't be tempted to waste your money and risk your health by buying these dangerous substitutes. 'Wincarnis' is the only Wine Tonic of any repute which does not contain drugs. 'Wincarnis' is composed of Choice Wine, Liebig's Extract of Meat and Extract of Malt. It contains no Cocaine as do other Wine Tonics. Therefore, insist upon having 'Wincarnis.' Leave the drugged Wines alone. They are dangerous.



Begin to get well FREE.—Send the Coupon for a free trial bottle of 'Wincarnis'—not a mere taste, but enough to do you good. After testing 'Wincarnis' you can obtain regular supplies from all Wine Merchants and Licensed Chemists and Grocers. It is also sold by the glass and in 1/2 flasks, at Hotels, Restaurants and Railway Station Refreshment Rooms.

SEND FOR A FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

FREE TRIAL COUPON

COLEMAN & CO.,
W 179 Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

Please send me a free trial bottle of 'Wincarnis.' I enclose three penny stamps to pay carriage.

Name _____

Address _____

D. Mr.
5/2/14.

"TIZ" Cured My Sore, Tired Feet.

"Oh! Girls! Don't have puffed-up, aching, perspiring feet or corns—Just try TIZ."

"TIZ makes
my feet
just dance."



"Ah! what relief. No more tired feet; no more burning feet; no more swollen, perspiring feet. No more pain in corns, hard skin, or bunions. No matter what ails your feet or what under the sun you've tried without getting relief, just use TIZ."

TIZ is the only remedy that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet; TIZ is magical; TIZ is grand; TIZ will cure your foot troubles so that you'll never limp or draw up your face in pain. Your shoes won't seem tight and your feet will never, never hurt or get sore, swollen or tired. Think of it, no more foot misery; no more burning corns, hard skin, or bunions.

Get a 1s. 11d. box at any chemist's or stores, and get instant relief. Get a whole year's foot relief for only 1s. 11d. Think of it!

The preserve of crystal clearness—

Golden Shred
MARMALADE
ROBERTSON—Only Maker.

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PAPER PATTERNS OF
SHIRT BLOUSE & GIRL'S
PRINCESS PETTICOAT
are given away with No. 7 of

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First-class Stories, Fancy Work, Interesting Articles, Useful
Hints, Real Lovers' Letters, &c.

ORDER EARLY.

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To Mothers

Give baby Savory and Moore's Food and you will be delighted with the good progress made.

Savory and Moore's Food is one of the oldest established and best known of infant foods. It has been supplied for use in most of the Royal Nurseries of Europe, and it is used by medical men in their own homes.

Children brought up on Savory and Moore's Food enjoy excellent health; they have firm flesh and strong limbs; they cut their teeth easily, are free from infant ailments, and give their parents very little trouble. The food is very easy to make, and is very economical.

SAMPLE FOR 3d.

Send 3d. in stamps for postage of
Special Trial Tin of Savory and
Moore's Food to Savory and Moore,
Ltd., Chemists to The King, New
Bond-st., London. Mention "Daily
Mirror."

**SAVORY & MOORE'S
FOOD**



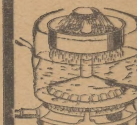
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CURE FOR
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Gives Instant Relief.
ASTHMA. No matter what your respiratory organs
INFLENZA may be suffering from, you will find
NANAL CATAKHEH in this remedy a restorative
Ordinary COUGH power that is simply unequal-
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by post. Sold in Tins, 4s. 3d., Retail Depot—46,
Holborn Viaduct, London, also the following whole-
salehouses: Newbery & Sons; Barclay & Sons; J.
Sanger & Sons; W. Edwards & Son; May Roberts
& Co.; Butler & Crisp; John Thompson,
Liverpool, &c.

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The ELBARD 'CAL-
DOR' KETTLE
Provides Hot Water
for Nothing. The bot-
tom is stopped, and the
Kettle takes the place of
a lid on any saucepan or
other cooking vessel, boil-
ing in about 15 minutes
by the steam from the
contents of the saucepan.
A boon on a full stove.
Made in 3 sizes, of Pure
Aluminium. Will last a
lifetime.

For Saucepans from 7 to 8 1/2 ins. diam. No. 1, Price 4/-
" " " 8 1/2 to 10 ins. " No. 2, " 4/6
" " " 10 to 11 1/2 ins. " No. 3, " 4/9



**ELBARD
AUTOMATIC
COFFEE MAKER.**

Prepares from 2 to 8 large cups
of delicious Coffee or Cafe-au-
lait in 10 minutes. Coffee
automatically cleared.

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'RAPID' TOASTER.**

Toasts 4 Slices of Bread
at a time, or Scones, Muffins,
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The "Rapid" Toaster is also
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The above articles are stocked by the leading Iron-
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For flavour,—delicious FLAVOUR

Rowntree's
ELECT Cocoa

SHOULD PARENT OR TEACHER TELL?

Rush to Defend Miss Outram, Who Taught
Sex Hygiene to Girls.

BUSINESS GIRLS' VIEW.

All British parents are discussing, with new earnestness, the grave social and educational problem—should girls be taught the essential facts of life and birth, including other matters of sex hygiene?

The question was raised by the action of Miss Outram, the headmistress of a school at Dronfield, Derbyshire, in teaching the girls sex hygiene before they left school. Some mothers were up in arms against her, but the education authorities have taken no notice of their protest.

The *Daily Mirror* continues to receive an enormous correspondence on the subject. As before, the vast majority of the letters are in hearty favour of Miss Outram's teaching, not two letters in fifty being against it.

A RECTOR'S PRACTICE.

At the rectory of a neighbouring parish to Dronfield, I would like to congratulate the villagers on having such an excellent headmistress as Miss Outram, who evidently knows what are the most important things in the education of the young under her charge.

For many years I have made it a practice in my audits for boys and girls to teach simply and quite plainly the origin of life, and many are the letters of thanks I have had from those who have been helped by such instruction. The majority of parents neglect their duty in this respect. "Surely," wrote one girl I had helped, "when mothers fail, it is the duty of Mother Church to step in and give the necessary information." Mother Church, through the White Cross League, the Guild of Angels and the Girls' Friendly Society tries to do its work.

J. SERRIS POWELL.
Hon. Sec. White Cross League, Diocese of Southwell.
The Rectory, Killmarsh, Southwell.

DUTY OF MOTHERS.

It is our candid opinion, and also that of the many other girls with whom we have come in contact, that, in nine cases out of ten, a girl is allowed to start on a business career in ignorance of the subjects referred to in your column.

We do not say that children should be instructed on these lines, but we think that when a girl is of an age to understand, she should certainly be informed of these things.

We agree that most mothers are reluctant to discuss such a delicate subject with their daughters, but surely, however unpleasant, it is one of the many duties of motherhood to protect their children. FOUR BUSINESS GIRLS.
Leigh-on-Sea.

A FATHER'S WAY.

I just want to take off my hat to Miss Outram. She is one of those who adorn the name of woman. I have the honour to be the father of two, aged seven and eleven. The boy of eleven I told at nine. It worried me a great deal, for I did not know how to approach the

IN CONTROL OF PARTY MACHINE.



Mrs. Gertrude Jones, of Denver, who has been appointed head of the Democratic Party Committee of Colorado State. She is the first woman to hold such a position, which gives her control of the dominant party in the State. She has announced that she will support "only the best men" for office.

subject, but the difficulty was overcome by my giving the boy a little pamphlet entitled "Bob's Mother," published by the Alliance of Honour. I am hoping that later my wife will tell the girl. In the case of the boy, after a lapse of two years nothing but good has resulted from my action. PAUL FATHER.
Golder's Green, N.W.

SOMEONE MUST TELL—WHO?

Ignorance is not modesty. Girls from thirteen to fifteen are usually sensible—that is, if they have been trained properly when young.

If parents will not enlighten their children, who must? It is not somebody to do so sometime? It is far better to teach them sex hygiene in a sensible way than to leave them to find it out in a vulgar way. BURTON-ON-TRENT. MOTHERLESS.

LESSON OF EXPERIENCE.

May I, as a man who has managed woman labour for some twenty years, be allowed a word on this subject?

Through all my experience of factory management I have found that the "silence of parents" towards youths and maidens on the question of sex knowledge has led to the waste, misery and wreckage of many lives, which I feel confident, if knowledge had been imparted at the right time, would have been saved to the nation. J. J. JOHNSON.
Blackheath, London, S.E.

**FOR RELIABLE ARTIFICIAL TEETH
AT LOWEST PRICES.**
Go to the Originators of
ECONOMICAL DENTISTRY.
(Established nearly Half a Century.)
GOODMAN'S, LTD.,
"The firm that guarantees its work."
The *Antislavery Journal*, "TRUTH," writes—
"Goodman's have the largest Dental practices in the world. Can do everything science and experience suggest to satisfy every customer."
Specially reduced fees to business employees and persons of limited means. Deferred payments can be arranged. Communications free. Explanatory pamphlet post free. *Daily Mirror* mentioned.
21, LUDGATE CHURCH, 21, LUDGATE CHURCH (off St. Paul's).
Hours: 10 to 7.30. Telephone: 311, 312.

BUYING SOME SOCKS.

It Is Easy for Husband To Be Sarcastic,
But Wife Makes Better Choice.

I like shopping, and yesterday I went along Oxford-street with Dick to buy socks for him. He says he never has a pair fit to be run over in, and that he grows faint every time he thinks what would happen after a collision in a motor-omnibus, when he was carried to the hospital.

He pictures the nurses and doctors gathered round a hole in his sock, saying, "Poor chap, there's only one hope—nurse, get a darning 'ceddle'!"

I went into a shop and Dick stayed outside, because he said it would look bad if he went in with me—it would look as if he weren't fit to be trusted alone.

"Hurry up," he said, "I want to go down and buy that house of Mallingham's." It was an awful business choosing those socks. The right colours were the wrong size, the right

NURSES WHO SEE 'LIFE WITH LID OFF.'

No Lack of Opportunities for Service
in District Work.

HOME-MADE APPLIANCES.

(TWELFTH ARTICLE BY NURSE ASHBY.)

If you want to read into the soul of poverty, to understand the drama and pathos and tragedy and humour of the poor, take up district nursing. The district nurse sees "life with the lid off." To qualify for Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute of Nurses a woman must have trained for three years in an approved general hospital, and must have spent six months in district work, including the care of a mother and child after child.

PRETTY FIRELIGHT STUDIES.



Lady Enid Fane.



Lady Muriel Bertie.

Some charming portraits have been obtained since the fashion of having photographs taken with firelight effects has been revived. Lady Enid Fane is the elder daughter of the Earl of Westmorland and Lady Muriel Bertie, the only child of the Earl of Lindsey.—(Garony.)

size were the wrong texture, when I got texture and size and colour to match, the price was wrong. But I got through, and found Dick outside. "Now we'll go down about that house," I said. "I bought it whilst you were inside," said Dick.

TO-DAY'S BRIDE AND HER DRESS.

Miss Eleanor Tollemahe, whose marriage to Captain Ernest Hayes Smith takes place to-day at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, is to wear a beautiful dress of ivory satin charmeuse draped with her own real lace and given a chiffon corsage trimmed with orange blossom and pearls.

There is a train of the same material as the gown, namely ivory charmeuse, hemmed with pearls and embroidered with silver, and a veil of the bride's own real lace will be worn with orange blossoms. The five bridesmaids are wearing dresses of palest blush pink satin with killed frills of Nattier blue tulle and old rose sashes.



MISS TOLLEMAHE.

"DAILY MIRROR" BEAUTIES.—No. 87.



To-day's beauty. No names are given, readers being left to guess them. Prizes of £10 and 100 books will be awarded to those sending in the most complete lists of the names of the originals, with the best summary of their merits, at the end of the twenty-six weeks during which the portraits are appearing.—(Beutlinger.)

How Women Earn £5 to £20 per Week.

Thousands are deserting the old vocations as dressmakers, clerks, teachers, waitresses and maids for new, fascinating and profitable profession of Beauty Culture.

You can become an Expert Manicurist, Hairdresser, Masseuse, etc., in a few evenings at home, during spare time.

International Institute offers exceptional opportunity to 500 women.

It is surprising how many women and girls who formerly occupied poorly paid positions have lately entered the profession of beauty culture, a calling in which they are happily and profitably occupied. The ever increasing demand for beauty culturists is a striking illustration of the trend toward improvement in appearance on the part of wealthy and fashionable women everywhere. There is nothing under the sun so much coveted by women as beauty of face and figure, hence the fabulous fees so frequently spent with the beauty culturists in the natural desire for women to desert the less lucrative callings and join the ranks of the prosperous beauty specialists. Another interesting feature of the latter-day parlours for improving the appearance is the extensive patronage from a source formerly of little importance to the beauty culturist: for to-day the men of fashion are regularly enlisting the services of the manicurist and masseuse.

Here, then, seems to be the solution to the problem of the woman or girl who is dissatisfied with her present income or surroundings. Become a beauty culturist. An exceptional opportunity is afforded by an International Institute founded by a prominent woman who has been instrumental in establishing scores of women and girls in this most fascinating and dignified profession. A substantial sum has been expended in printing a treatise entitled "Lessons by Mail in Beauty Culture," which under a special arrangement, is to be distributed free to all who would become beauty culturists. The treatise is profusely illustrated, containing nearly 100 life-like illustrations and photographic reproductions, showing the wonderful opportunities for the manicurist, the hairdresser, and the masseuse. It describes a remarkably simple and practical way to become an expert in the various branches of beauty culture, and shows how a Beauty Parlour can be started at home at very small expense, or how a visiting practice (calling at the homes of select patrons) can be conducted. A pleasant surprise awaits the first 500 women who write for a copy. All requests should be addressed to Abby Beatrice Knowles, Suite 140C, No. 269, Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E.

TO REDUCE YOUR WEIGHT
If you are over-stout the cause of your over-stoutness is the lack of oxygen-carrying power in the blood and faulty assimilation of food. Too little is being made of the harder tissue of muscle and too much into little globules of fat. Therefore, you should correct the malassimilation and increase the oxygen-carrying power of the blood. To do this, go to any good chemist and get oil of orlaine in capsule form, and take one capsule after each meal and one at bedtime till your weight is reduced to what it should be on all parts of the body. The effect of oil of orlaine in capsule form is remarkable as a weight reducer, and it is perfectly safe.—E. J. T.—(Adv't.)

THE DISCOVERIES OF THE CENTURY.

RADIUM v. CANCER.
EUAZATE v. RHEUMATISM.
It is nothing less than extraordinary the number of people who are suffering at the present moment from rheumatism, gout, sciatica and all uric acid troubles, and, what is worse, it seems that the epidemic is growing. The celebrated French rheumatic specialist, Dr. E. Hayem, of Paris, who was recently in England, was asked if in his country there was a similar epidemic, and he replied that since science had discovered Euazate his compatriots were more or less free from rheumatism and uric acid troubles, except in the most acute cases of long standing; and these, he maintained, would eventually be conquered by the same means. For the benefit of those who are not aware of this simple cure one has only to take up the following prescription at home at little cost. Pour 5 table-spoonfuls of vinegar on to the yolk of a fresh egg and add 75 grammes of ordinary Euazate, which you can obtain at your chemist. Mix these ingredients well together, pour a little of this mixture into the palm of your hand, and rub same lightly on to the place where the pain is felt. Repeat this treatment once or twice a day for a few days, and you will find that the pain will entirely disappear, thus constituting a permanent cure.—E.H.L.—(Adv't.)

MALE NAVAL NURSES.

Letters have reached me from male naval nurses who take exception to statements in my article last week dealing with nursing in the Navy. The writers do not admit that the sisters take a leading part in the training of the sick berth staff.

While they state that the sisters train male probationers for a certain time every day, they point out that instruction is given to the sick berth staff by the staff-surgeon, a qualified chemist, and a staff of first-class sick berth stewards.

SEVERE COLD BENEFITED AT ONCE.

A remedy that dispels influenza quickly and leaves no unpleasant after-effects is Dr. Stohr's Kephadol. Chemists report an enormous increase in the sales with general satisfaction to all customers. Kephadol was the official remedy used in breaking up one of the worst influenza epidemics from which Vienna ever suffered.

"I was suffering from a severe cold when I took the tablets as directed. I felt they did me good at once. They are a specially splendid medicine," says Miss A. E. Beatrice, 28, Lisman St., Ravenhill Avenue, Belfast.—(Adv't.)

If you have grey or discoloured hair which you wish to restore to the natural colour, try the French cosmetic preparation, "L'Oréal," the famous Continental hair restorer.—(Adv't.)

NEW SERIAL

BEGIN TO-DAY.

What Every Woman Forgets.

By HENRY FARMER.

THE CHARACTERS.
FRITZ KAVANAGH, a young man of twenty-five, travelling before settling down to a political career. He is on his way to India when he meets his wife.
SUZANNE CLOAN, the beautiful wife of Michael CLOAN, known as "Rajah" CLOAN, owner of vast plantations in the East.
CAROLINE CLOAN, CLOAN's sister, a militant suffragette.
REGGIE LOMBARD, Kavanagh's cousin.
CHIEF INSPECTOR SLEW, of Scotland Yard.

THE STORY.
The story opens on board the Moolana, bound for India. Fritz Kavanagh makes the acquaintance of Suzanne CLOAN, who is going out to Ceylon to join her husband. Kavanagh perceives at once that she is unhappy. He suspects that "Rajah" CLOAN, ruler over armies of native labour and with the reputation of a bully, is not a suitable husband for a woman with the intelligence and temperament of Mrs. CLOAN. Before the ship has reached Colombo Kavanagh has fallen deeply in love with Mrs. CLOAN. He realises that she, too, is not indifferent to him; but no word of love is spoken between them.

Eight months afterwards Kavanagh is back in London and meets CLOAN at his club. The "Rajah" asks the young man to dinner at his house, and, actuated by a desire to renew his acquaintance with Mrs. CLOAN, Kavanagh accepts. But when he arrives at the house he finds CLOAN hopelessly drunk. He discerns that this is the cause of Suzanne's unhappiness. After the meal CLOAN falls into a drunken sleep, and Kavanagh joins Mrs. CLOAN in the drawing-room, and her seeming littleness, soothed by compassion and affection for her, his arms close round her, expressing passion, sympathy and a man's eagerness to protect a woman. And then, suddenly, her body becomes rigid. She stares past him. He releases her, and she goes to the door, the threshold, standing still against the lintel. He comes forward to attack Kavanagh, but trips, falls and strikes his head heavily. Concussion results. Kavanagh does his best for the "Rajah," and a doctor is called.

When Kavanagh arrives at his flat he finds Reggie Lombard waiting to see him. A remark from Lombard leads Kavanagh to the discovery that he has brought away CLOAN's "Rajah" home in mistake for his own. He puts his hand to his pocket and brings out a note. It is a short love letter addressed to Michael CLOAN, the "Rajah," and signed "Suzanne." Kavanagh puts the note away, but it is brought back to his mind when Lombard tells him that he has got entangled with the same woman. He goes to the house, and finds the names of Dr. Castro and Smith, is blackmailed by Lombard. The following morning, however, Kavanagh and Lombard find in the paper that the doctor has been found murdered in his flat.

Chief Inspector Slew, of Scotland Yard, investigates the murder. When CLOAN recovers consciousness he remembers nothing of the events of the previous night. Caroline CLOAN, however, who hates Suzanne, prompts his memory and he recollects seeing his wife with Kavanagh. He sends for Kavanagh and questions her about Kavanagh. Suzanne manages to quell his suspicions, but she is not so successful with her interview with Caroline CLOAN. While Suzanne is with her husband a servant brings word that Kavanagh wishes to speak to her in the telephone.

CHAPTER IX. (continued).
SUZANNE's eyes flashed angrily under the insinuation, but her impulses were controlled. She was angry with Fritz Kavanagh as well. She had asked him not to make her life more difficult. For a second time the telephone was an instrument of mischief.

"Certainly not," she answered.
CLOAN was eyeing her through narrowed lids. It was late, but he had sent for her to bid him good-night under the shelter of his arms. He had not entered his head to be jealous of her. But a thief had been after his valuable human possession. And the consequence was not only the birth of jealousy, but a rebalancing of passion under the stimulus of this jealousy. He had been turning it over in his mind. His views on the subject of women were unpleasant and fallacious into the bargain. He credited them with the gross materialism and animosity of his own nature, but he had looked upon his wife as an exception. But for an empty hip-pocket, CLOAN, drunk, would have shot Kavanagh and possibly his wife in the Adams room; but CLOAN, sober, was another man under the control that had made him what he was. Turning things over in his mind, he had admitted to himself that he had neglected her lately. Well, he would put that right. But she had not become his all in all. There was no resolution on his part to lead a more moral life, and if he meant to master the drink appetite it was not under any high moral inspiration, but because of its danger to his powers of mind and body. There was no loftiness of mind about his resolutions. He flattered himself that he understood women, but denied that the average woman understood men. A man could be attached to two women, and if he treated them both well no harm was done.

"You hadn't arranged for him to ring you up, eh?" persisted CLOAN. His manner of speech was common in tone.
"Certainly not!"
And, again, as when she told him with a "yes," that she had never been in Kavanagh's arms until that time in the Adams room, he believed her, his belief an unconscious tribute to the nature he understood so indifferently well. There was a certain narrow breadth about his temperament. He was not morbidly and subtly suspicious, after the manner of his sister Caroline.

He expressed his belief with a sound that was hardly a grunt.
"I'm going to drop Kavanagh a note to-morrow," he went on, with a crinkling of lines in his low forehead.
Suzanne winced.
"I shall be up to it then. I don't warn a man a second time. I mean to kill him."
Suzanne's hands clenched up, and CLOAN saw her movement. It gave him a grim, brutal kind of satisfaction.
"I shall put it to him plainly. I guess he's been thinking some of me."
Suzanne nearly screamed. But the image of an old lady in an invalid chair, which she propelled about by the wheels, helped her control.
"I'm only sorry I can't get to the telephone."

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He's got to keep off the grass. You'd better go now, Suzanne. It's been a twister of a day for me, though I'm feeling better, perking up already; same time, feel the need of sleep.
"I'm sure you must, Michael," she said, mechanically, and moved away towards the door.
"Good-night—"

"Here!" he commanded, and she swung round. "Is that your way of saying 'Good-night'?"
She returned to him, and something about the natural grace of her movements and the lines of her slender figure, that possessed a peculiar touch of distinction, suddenly appealed to his senses. As she stooped, forcing herself to kiss him and mastering a physical feeling of repugnance that had grown upon her after marriage, he slipped an arm round her waist, and his eyes glowed.

"When I'm better," he whispered, his voice huskily fierce, "we'll have a second honeymoon!"
She was white when she stepped from the room. For a moment her manner betrayed a horror and loathing that was almost physical, as if inspired by the touch or near presence of something that was materially loathsome. Then she suddenly moved away, as if she were in a very great hurry to get to some definite destination. Reaching another part of the great house, she knocked lightly on a door, and a pleasant-faced woman, whose appearance suggested a nurse-companion, opened it.

"Mrs. Gilroy is just in bed," she said.
Old age is not always beneficial in bed, but the white-haired old lady, propped up high with pillows, a reading-lamp beside her, made a picturesque, dignified and at the same time pathetic picture.
"My Suzanne!" she said, reaching out her arms.

Sometimes it was impossible, but since her return to England on the news that her mother's health was breaking up Mrs. CLOAN rarely missed this last visit at night. She spent much time with her mother. Her devotion was quiet and unostentatious.

"And Michael?" asked the old lady, embracing her daughter.
"Much better."
"I am thankful. I was anxious. You will give him," she smiled, and the resemblance between mother and daughter became more marked—"you will give 'the old lady's' love."
Suzanne smiled back with a nod, and smoothed the white hair framing a delicate, fragile face with an expression that suggested peace and happiness obtained after suffering and stress.

"I am so happy," went on the old lady, "to have you both with me again. You seemed so far away in Ceylon."
Suzanne's eyes dimmed a little. Conscience was smiling her. She had not yielded, but to think that she had even listened to the voice of temptation.

"You have finished reading?" she asked.
The old lady nodded. Suzanne took the book, closed it, and placed it on the table within reach of the bed. Then she switched out the reading-lamp. As it clicked out, leaving the beautiful room in semi-darkness, the old lady spoke again.
"You are looking tired, Suzanne!"
"I've been a little anxious about Michael, but he is really better," she said brightly, lowering the pillows.

A little sigh of happiness at these attentions escaped the old lady. As Suzanne slipped the clothes about her more comfortably and warmly she stooped and kissed her good-night.

"My Suzanne," whispered the old lady. "No mother had a dearer daughter!"
Suzanne went to her own rooms, to the boudoir adjoining her bedroom. She sat down and wrote a note.

"Dear Mr. Kavanagh,—I must beg of you not to ring me up, or anything of that sort. Surely I have made things quite plain to you.—Yours sincerely, Suzanne CLOAN."

Michael was not the kind of man who would tamper with letters. He was incapable of petty mean acts. But, even if by any remote chance this letter came into his possession, there was nothing in it which he could regard as a violation of the conditions he had imposed on her.

But Suzanne posted the letter herself in the hall-box before going to her bedroom. A corridor connected it with the room where the "Rajah" was dozing off into sleep.

Michael proposed to have a second honeymoon when he was better.

CHAPTER X.

THOSE who attended the inquest on John Smith, found murdered under mysterious circumstances in No. 1, Garth Mansions, Bunter-street, anticipating a solution of the mystery of Bluebeard's Chamber were disappointed. After a formal opening, the coroner adjourned for a week, Mr. Slew being responsible. The general public was convinced that the mysterious chamber contained something more than films, as disclosed by Mrs. Gladwyn, deputising charwoman. The man in the street did not see any likelihood of films being associated, either directly or indirectly, with the mystery. And Mr. Slew had not furnished the Press with particulars. No one appreciated more the value of the Press than he; but there were times when publicity was inadvisable.

He had interviewed Mrs. Gladwyn, who was loquacious, but he had been very patient. There were cases when it was better to let a person tell his or her story in his or her own way. Also, he had the faculty of stimulating memories by judicious questioning. There were other times when he put a sudden question and demanded an answer like a man presenting a loaded weapon suddenly.

Mrs. Gladwyn, who informed her husband that after a time she felt quite at home with the handsome gentleman, had been able to supplement her description of the rather undersized man, of whom

(Continued on page 13.)

The End of a Great Sale
BARKERS
Final
REMNANT DAY
TO-MORROW (Friday)

When all Remnants and Oddments that have accumulated during the month of Sale throughout the 100 Departments will be Cleared at HALF THE MARKED PRICES.

Example of the Selling Method:—
5 yards of Dress Material at 3/- per yard ... 15/-
The Purchaser pays exactly HALF THE PRICE MARKED, viz. 7/6

Drapery Departments
Black and Coloured Silks and Dress Fabrics, Laces, Embroideries, Linens, Flannels, Washing Fabrics; also all Oddments in Costumes, Mantles, Fur Coats, Furs, Robes, Corsets, Underwear, Boots and Shoes, Dressing Gowns, Tea Gowns, Blouses, Millinery, and Children's Attire.

Furnishing Sections
Remnants of Carpets, Linoleums, Curtains, Chintzes, Cretonnes, Tapestries, etc.; also Oddments in solid Easy Chairs, China and Glass, Table Cutlery, Ironmongery, Electrical Fittings, Kitchens, Utensils, Hardware, and Household Requisites of every description.

DOORS OPEN AT 9 A.M.
AN EARLY VISIT IS ADVISED.

John Barker & Co., Ltd., Kensington, W.

FOR COUGHS.
Orbridge's
Lung Tonic
FOR COLDS.

WHEN ANYTHING BREAKS there is one sure remedy—
SECCOTINE
THE WORLD'S ADHESIVE.
The greater the damage the more opportunity for displaying its wonderful restorative powers. Applied in a moment, without fuss or mess, SECCOTINE will mend so clearly as almost to defy detection.
Sold Everywhere in 6d. & 3d. Pin-Stopped Tubes.
FREE SAMPLE and Booklet descriptive of some of its latest remarkable uses will be sent on application to
M^r Caw, Stevenson & Orr, Ltd, Belfast or 51 & 52, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

20,000 Doctors are recommending
PLASMON
ALL NOURISHMENT OATS
BECAUSE
"They are the FINEST SCOTCH OATS enormously increased in food value by the addition of Plasmon."
Delicious nutty flavour—Five minutes' boiling only. Double the quantity of porridge.
6d. per Packet

Madame Patti recommends Formamint

Madame Adelina Patti writes:—"I have taken your Formamint Tablets for some time past, and I have much pleasure in saying that I find them very beneficial for the throat."

Mdme. Kirkby-Lunn writes:—

"I have found Formamint Tablets most valuable for sore throat."

Signor Caruso says:—

"I have found Formamint very beneficial to the throat."

WULFING'S Formamint THE GERM-KILLING THROAT TABLET

Wulfing's Formamint is praised and recommended by these famous singers because it renders the throat and vocal organs germ-proof, even in the vitiated, microbe-laden atmosphere of theatre and concert hall.

Let Formamint be to you what it is to Madame Patti, Madame Kirkby-Lunn, Signor Caruso, and to all who have tried these potent tablets—a sure protection against all throat troubles.

In concert hall, theatre, in taxi or railway carriage—wherever germs of disease abound—Formamint is a sure safeguard, keeping mouth and throat clean and free from harmful germs and the breath pure and sweet. Formamint Tablets are palatable as well as efficacious. All chemists stock them in bottles at 1s. 11d. Refuse harmful imitations.

Free Sample.

A. WULFING and CO.,

12, Chancery-street, London, W.C.

Please send me a Sample of Formamint. I enclose a penny stamp for postage.

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Address

F 52,319.

THIS MORNING'S NEWS ITEMS.

Japanese Judge in English Court.

K. Isogai, a Judge of his Imperial Majesty's Court of Cassation, Japan, was yesterday accommodated with a seat on the bench with Mr. Justice Darling.

Dulwich Woman Missing.

Mrs. Rattey, of 48, Heber-road, Lordship-lane, East Dulwich, has been missing since January 27, and it is thought that she is suffering from loss of memory.

Flying Over a Mile High.

The airman Garais, carrying five passengers on his machine, flew yesterday (said a Reuter Charles, France, message) at a height of over 7,000ft., which is believed to be a record.

Gold for Captain Inch.

Captain Inch, of the Volturno, was presented yesterday at the Mansion House with a silver casket containing a certificate of the freedom of the City of London, a purse of gold, a gold medal and a gold watch and chain.

LONDON TRAIN TRAGEDY.

Pathetic Details of Discovery of Little Willie Starchfield's Body.

How the body of little Willie Starchfield was found doubled up beneath the seat of a third-class compartment on the North London Railway was told in all its pathetic details at Old-street Police Court yesterday, when John Starchfield, the father, again appeared in the dock.

So determined were the police that public curiosity to see the father should not be satisfied that Starchfield was taken to the court in a closed carriage at half-past eleven in the morning—three hours before he was to make his appearance before the magistrate.

Describing how he found the body of the boy, Edward Joseph Cook, porter-guard on the North London Railway, who was on duty at Shoreditch Station, said that in consequence of what a guard said to him he went to a third-class compartment of the 4.14 train from Chalk Farm and saw the body under the seat.

"I called out, but getting no answer: I got hold of the body by the shoulder and pulled it out. Then I saw that the boy was dead," he added. Describing the position of the body, he said that it was lying on its right side and a hat was lying on the boy's face.

Chief Inspector Gough produced a dark felt hat, and in reply to Mr. Bodkin the witness said he believed that was the hat.

Cross-examined by Mr. Margetts (for the defence), Cook said that so far as he knew there was only one other person in the whole coach, and that person was in the next compartment.

Mr. Margetts: Is it your opinion that no one could get into the carriage without seeing the body?—Yes.

Starchfield was remanded till to-morrow.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

9, BISHOPS-GATE, E.C.
Consols, our premier security, are still booming in almost unbroken fashion. Yesterday they spurted another 11-16 to 77½, thus bringing the rise since the beginning of the year up to no less than 5½ points. During the past week alone they have gained 2½.

The bulk of the buying has come from the Government and the banks, owing, of course, chiefly to the fact that large transactions in them can be completed in a much shorter time than in any other stock in the Trustee list.

For the ordinary investor they are certainly not attractive at their enhanced level. At the present price of 77½ they give a return of only a little more than 3 per cent., while most of the recent Colonial loans, which are equally well secured, offer yields of well over 4 per cent.

Among Newspaper prices Amalgamated Press Ordinary kept firm at their advanced price of 5 15-16 and the Preference were steady at 22s. 6d. Associated Ordinary and Preference remained at 24s. 6d. and 21s. 3d. respectively and Pictorial Ordinary and Preference at 22s. 9d. and 18s. 6d.

LIABILITIES £1,000,000.

Following on the suspension of the foreign banking firm of Messrs. Coulson, Bernhard and Company, it became known yesterday that Messrs. Fry, Miers and Company of Cannon-street, one of the best-known firms in the Brazilian trade, had also been compelled to suspend payments and that Mr. C. C. Baker, of the firm of Messrs. Ball, Baker, Cornish and Company, chartered accountants, had been appointed trustee of the assets of assignment.

Serious liabilities are involved. They are estimated at £1,000,000 or more, but a member of the firm of accountants yesterday expressed the hope that if the assets are carefully nursed a substantial dividend will be paid to the creditors.

LOSS OF A CAPTAIN SCOTT DOG.

Kris, a Siberian dog, who went almost to the South Pole with Captain Scott, has escaped from his owner, Mr. Apple Cherry-Garrard, at Wheat-hampstead, Bedfordshire. He slipped his lead on Tuesday, and has not yet been found, though he has been traced as far as Colicote.

He took part in the last depot journey to One Ton Camp when Captain Scott set up his store on the Barrier. After the departure the dog went out on the great journey, accompanying the Southern party as far as the Beardmore Glacier. Thence he returned with Meares.

Workhouse Boys to See Circus.

At a cost of 1s. 6d. per head, Lambeth Guardians decided yesterday to send fifty Poor-law children to see a London circus.

Swansea's Homeless Brides.

Many young couples at Swansea have recently had to postpone their weddings through lack of housing accommodation.

Aldwych Rejected by Canada.

The Canadian Government, it is stated, says Reuter will not purchase the Aldwych site for a Dominion building in London.

Killed by an Express.

While crossing the line on the Hill and Scarborough Railway near Duffield a farm hand named William Thompson was killed by an express.

Raphael Madonna Stolen.

A Madonna, by Raphael, says a Central News New York telegram, has been cut out of its frame and stolen from a house at Morristown, New Jersey.

What Every Woman Forgets

(Continued from page 12.)

she had caught a glimpse in Bluebeard's Chamber, whose hand was burned through a film catching fire—according to the sinner murdered man.

"Did you notice any smell, any peculiar smell?"

Mr. Slew had asked.

Mrs. Gladwyn said that she had smelt a smell. When asked to describe the odour, she had replied more vaguely than descriptively that it was what you might call a funny smell, but, knowing that films were made of funny stuff, which she believed to be made in Germany, she thought it was the smell of the burning film. After that Mr. Slew had conducted a little practical experiment. Having made careful preparations, he had set fire to a small piece of film, and asked Mrs. Gladwyn if the smell bore any similarity to the smell which he appeared anxious to identify. Mrs. Gladwyn did not think so.

"It was what I call a funny smell—I can't say more nor less than that, sir," she had reiterated. When Mr. Slew dismissed Mrs. Gladwyn he told her that he would require her again. He was not an expert chemist. But he never hesitated to employ an expert. He did not play at being Jack-of-all-Trades.

Mr. Slew was seated in his office after a very busy day, when a subordinate entered.

"I've Mr. Trant, sir, outside," said the subordinate.

"He's identified the photograph."

"Ask him in, please," said Slew.

Mr. Trant, theatrical agent, entered.

(To be continued.)

HUMAN OSTRICHES.

Film Operators' Plans to Hoodwink Wild Beasts—Two Men as a Giraffe.

If you want to get the finest pictures of big game in their native haunts you must—hoodwink them.

This is the belief of a novel hunting party, which is going to take cinematograph pictures in the Sudan of wild animals at close quarters.

The expedition, which is now on its way to Khartoum, will be in the Sudan until April.

The expedition consists of three hunters and two cinematograph operators, the leader of the party being Mr. Noel Macklin, the sportsman.

How the big game will be hoodwinked makes a fascinating story. Part of the equipment of the hunters—and the most important—consists of two imitation ostriches and a sham giraffe. These fearsome animals will be used to cover the heads and shoulders of the cinematograph operators, who will thus be enabled to approach nearer the genuine animals than they could possibly do in the ordinary way.

The imitation ostriches and the giraffe owe their origin to Mr. Willie Clarkson, the costumier, who has spent much time and care in manufacturing them. They are, indeed, so realistic that they would delude the most wary of wild beasts into believing that their relatives had come to visit them.

The ostriches are a little over normal size, in order to give the operator inside plenty of room to move his arms and work his camera.

In the breast of each bird a square hole has been cut through which the lens of the camera will be directed upon its unsuspecting prey.

The sham ostriches are not equipped with legs, as it is believed that the legs of the operators will be sufficiently hidden in the long grass. In the case of the giraffe two men will have to stow themselves in his interior.

Hundreds of feathers have been used in providing the imitation ostriches with plumage, while the coat of the sham giraffe, stretched over a wooden framework, is really a work of art which would deceive the custodian of the Zoo himself.

(Photographs on page 16.)

TEACHERS WHO WILL NOT TELL.

The protest of parents in the Derbyshire village of Dronfield against the teaching of sex hygiene—the essential facts of life and birth—by Miss Outram, head mistress of the council school, is receiving the close attention of teachers throughout the country.

The Lady Teachers' Committee of the National Union of Teachers, it was announced yesterday, have considered the advisability of instructing children on sex questions, and have decided that it would not be wise to do so.

Why be worried by Eczema



If you are it is your own fault. Antezema gives instant relief and soon effects a thorough cure, but obviously it cannot do this till you try it. We are so anxious you should be freed from your skin illness that we will present you with a generous Free Trial, and thus start your cure. What can we do more?

Mind, we do not confine this offer merely to sufferers from severe eczema, but we make the same offer to those who at present only have the early symptoms. Those troubled with an itching rash, consisting of little pimples, which will soon burst and spread, can also have a Free Trial, and thus prevent the misery that sufferers from bad eczema have to endure

till life itself becomes a burden. It is just the same with sufferers from all other skin troubles—pimples, rashes, bad legs, bad hands, chaps, chilblains, and every sore, irritated, broken, red or rough skin condition. All such sufferers can have a Free Trial of Antezema. To use this marvellous British remedy is more convincing than the most brilliant and flowery language.

Do your duty to your skin and get Antezema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots' Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parkes', Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis and Burrows at 1s. 11d. and 2s. 9d. Also throughout India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa and Europe.

Sign this Form

To Antezema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.—Please send handbook, "Skin Troubles," for which I enclose three penny stamps; also Free Trial of Antezema and Antezema Soap.

Name

Address

"Daily Mirror," 5-2-14.

Large Hare, 3s.; Chicken and Wild Duck, 4s. 6d.; 2 Black-game, 4s.; all carriage paid; all birds trussed.—**Frost's Stores, Ltd.**, 279 and 281, Edgware-rd., London, W.

THE MOST POPULAR ANNUAL IS "DAILY MIRROR REFLECTIONS" BY W. K. HASELDEN. 6d.

The Daily Mirror

LATEST CERTIFIED CIRCULATION MORE THAN 800,000 COPIES PER DAY.

MR. ASCHE'S AUSTRALIAN GREYHOUNDS FOR WATERLOO CUP: SEE PAGE 9.

HOW CINEMATOGRAPH OPERATORS WILL HOODWINK ANIMALS IN THE SUDAN.



It takes two men to make a giraffe.

Mr. Noel Macklin.

They look exactly like real ostriches.

Two cinematograph operators who are attached to an expedition to the Sudan will disguise themselves as ostriches and as a giraffe. The expedition, which will take pictures of big game hunting, is led by Mr. Noel Macklin, the well-known sportsman, and consists of five white men, who have taken with them five horses, a pack of foxhounds and a small pack of terriers. The hounds are for the purpose of hunting lions, hyenas and leopards, but no animal will be destroyed, except for the purpose of

personal safety. The Sudan, it is considered, will be a better place for the object of wild game pictures than East Africa, because, in the first place, for every one person who goes to the Sudan for the purpose of hunting, probably fifty go to East Africa. Twenty thousand feet of film, it is estimated, will be required for the purposes of the expedition. The decoys, which are by Clarkson, will cover the heads and shoulders of the operators.

CRUSADE AGAINST WOMEN WHO WEAR KNICKERBOCKERS FOR WINTER SPORTS.



Off on her skis.



Start of a luge race for women competitors.



A fashionable costume.

An agitation against what are described as the unbecoming garments worn by many women who are devotees of winter sports, has been raised by the inhabitants of Rhineland, in Prussia. An association has been formed and hotelkeepers and restaurateurs

have been invited to close their doors against all wearers of knickerbockers—that is when they are of the gentler sex. Stern measures, these Prussians assert, are necessary in dealing with the prevailing fashion.